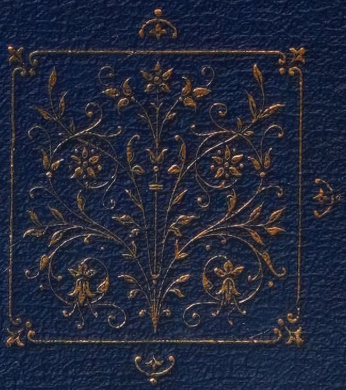
BYGONE CHESHIRE

WILLIAM ANDREWS F.R.H.S.



City of Westminster.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Reserve Stock

Please take every reasonable care of this book. Protect it from rain. Keep it clean. Do not turn down leaves. Do not expose it to heat.

Borrowers will be held responsible for any damage or loss.

If you change your address or lose your ticket please inform the Librarian at once. Borrowers are responsible for any books borrowed on their tickets, which are not transferable.

Borrowers may renew
for other readers, on appli
by post or telephone.

Borrowers may use the
Westminster Public Librari

Infectious Disease. If infec
out in your house do not retu
inform the Librarian. Borrower
or knowingly permitting the book
are liable to a penalty of **£5.**

MSC
ANDREWS, W.
Bygone Cheshire.
W 23/8/69

942.71

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LIBRARY SERVICE

Author

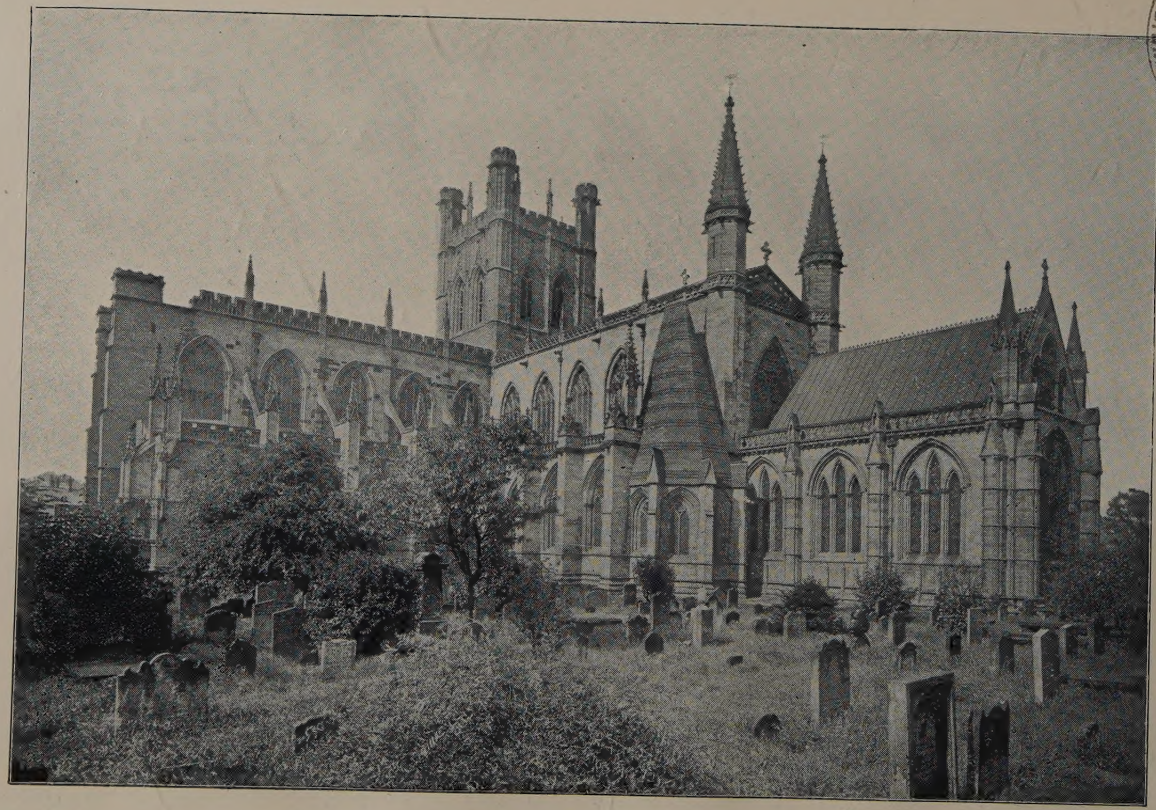
Title

BOOK STORE

Books or discs must be returned on or before the last date stamped on label or on card in book pocket. Books or discs can be renewed by telephone, letter or personal call unless required by another reader. After library hours use the Ansafone Service (01-698 7347). For hours of opening and charges see notices at the above branch, but note that all lending departments close at 1 pm on Wednesday and all libraries are closed on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, Bank Holidays and Saturdays prior to Bank Holidays.

METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

BYGONE CHESHIRE.



CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

942-71

BYGONE CHESHIRE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.,

AUTHOR OF

"OLD CHURCH LORE," "CURIOSITIES OF THE CHURCH,"
"BYGONE ENGLAND," ETC.

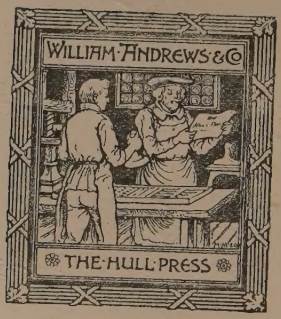
CHESTER:
PHILLIPSON & GOLDER.

HULL:
WILLIAM ANDREWS & CO., THE HULL PRESS.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, & CO., LTD.

1895.

942.71
C/1047
RES. STOCK



Preface.

THE chapters in this volume chiefly concern the byways of Cheshire history. The county is full of historic interest, and I hope not the least attractive and important are the subjects which have received attention in the following pages. I think the names of the contributors are a sufficient guarantee as to the literary and historical merits of their contributions. All have made a careful study of the subjects they have undertaken to write about.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

THE HULL PRESS,
August 11th, 1895.

Contents.

	PAGE
Historic Cheshire. By Thomas Frost	1
King Edgar on the Dee. By Edward Lamplough ...	20
Chester Castle and Walls. By Geo. C. Yates, F.S.A. ...	26
Chester Cathedral. By J. A. Clapham	51
Festival-Time in Old Chester. By the Rev. Geo. S. Tyack, B.A.	60
Chester Fair. By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks	68
The Origin of the Rows of Chester. By W. Stevenson	78
Old Chester Houses. By William Harrison	89
The Dee Mills and the "Miller of the Dee." By T. Cann Hughes, M.A.	99
Hugh Lupus, First Earl of Chester. By James L. Thornely	105
The Plague in Cheshire. By William E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L.	122
Ancient Eddisbury. By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks	129
St. Peter's Chains: An Old Congleton Custom. By Robert Head	137
Was Mary Fitton Shakespere's "Dark Lady?" By William E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L.	144
Sandbach Over Sixty Years Ago. By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks	159
Ancient Bridges, Fords, and Ferries. By W. Harrison	181
Cheshire Proverbial Phrases. By J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.H.S.	189
A-Souling Song	207
President Bradshaw. By Thomas Cooper	209
Thomas Parnell, Poet	228
Bishop Heber. By John T. Page	231
Punishing Scolding Women	242
Index	251

BYGONE CHESHIRE.

Historic Cheshire.

By Thomas Frost.

WHETHER the aboriginal inhabitants of the territory now comprised in the county of Cheshire were of the same tribe as those occupying the present counties of Worcester and Warwick, as well as those of Salop and Stafford, is a point upon which the students of antiquity who have explored the field of ethnological research are not entirely agreed. Some call them the Corinari, while others regard them as being the same as the Cornavii. Richard of Cirencester, one of the earliest of the old chroniclers, calls them the Cornabii; but the frequent transliteration of *b* and *v* deprives this designation of much of its importance. Whether, however, they are properly to be regarded as Cornabii, or Cornavii, or Corinari, there seems no doubt that the people of Cheshire, prior to and

during the Roman occupation, were the same as those of the adjacent counties of Shropshire and Staffordshire. The chief towns of this primitive people were Deva, which has been identified with Chester; Condate, the precise site of which has been the subject of much dispute; and Mediolanum and Uriconium, in Shropshire, the latter known to have been near the present town of Wroxeter. The site of Condate, according to Horsley, Baxter, and Stukeley, was at, or near, Northwich, but Camden and Salmon place it at Congleton, while Reynolds thinks it was Middlewich, and other writers on the subject are disposed to maintain the claims of Kinderton to occupation of the ground on which stood, two thousand years ago, the little capital of this tribe. There are, in the last named locality, traces of a fosse, and a Roman road seems to have led from this neighbourhood to Mediolanum, another to Chester, and a third to Chesterton. Before the Roman invasion, however, the Brigantes, a tribe occupying Yorkshire, had made an incursion into Cheshire, and seized Condate, on which the government of which that place was the seat was removed to Uriconium.

Under the Roman occupation, Deva was made the headquarters of the twentieth legion, and a fortified camp appears to have been established there before Agricola's expedition to the north. Roman coins and remains of the massive architectural works of the conquerors have on various occasions been discovered in that ancient city, and at other places in the county. The eastern gate of Chester, which was standing until 1768, was undoubtedly Roman, and is described by Pennant as consisting of two arches, between which was the figure of a Roman soldier, in relief, carved in red stone. This was the principal gate of the city, terminating the Roman road known as the Watling Street. A Roman bath, long concealed under a public-house, formerly existed in Bridge Street, and, in 1779, another was discovered near the Water Gate, together with part of a tesselated pavement, and an altar dedicated to Esculapius. Remains of Roman buildings could formerly be traced in the Close. In 1653, an altar inscribed to Jupiter was found, and in 1693, some workmen who were excavating a cellar near the East Gate, came upon a beautiful altar, which appeared, from an inscription, to have been

erected by Flavius Longus, tribune of the twentieth legion, and his son Longinus, in honour of the emperors Dioclesian and Maximian. Near this find two coins, one of brass and one of copper, were found, struck respectively in the reigns of Vespasian and Constantius.

The altars set up by the worshippers of Jupiter had been superseded by those of Odin, which, in their turn, had been displaced in favour of the new religion introduced by Augustine, when, in 607, Ethelfrith, king of Bernicia, led a Saxon force from the north, defeated the Britons near Chester, and annexed their territories to his own kingdom. On this occasion 1200 monks, who had come from Bangor and stationed themselves upon a hill to watch the battle and join in united prayer for the overthrow of the invaders, are said to have been ruthlessly massacred by them after the battle. The kings of Bernicia did not remain long in possession of their conquest, however, being expelled by the Mercians, a part of whose kingdom the present county of Cheshire formed until the Heptarchy was brought to an end by the union of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms under Egbert.

It was from the Saxons that Deva received

the name of Ceaster, from *castrium*, a fort or camp. In the reign of Alfred, the city was seized by the Danes on their retreating westward before his victorious forces, but on the pursuers arriving before its walls, they soon found that they had acquired only temporary safety. Alfred seized all the cattle in the neighbourhood, and destroyed all the crops, so that the Danes were soon hard pressed by famine. Finding hunger within as terrible an enemy as the foe without, they evacuated the city and fled, leaving it in ruins. In this condition it remained from 895 to 907, when it was restored by Ethelfleda, the daughter of Alfred, and wife of Ethelred, Earl of Mercia. Edgar made it a station of the infant navy of the period, and it appears soon to have become also an important commercial port. Edmund Ironsides conferred the government of the county upon the Earls of Chester, of whom there were three before the Norman Conquest. William I. then gave the earldom to Gherbod, a Flemish officer in his victorious army; but the latter did not long enjoy the distinction, for, returning to his own country, and taking part in some military operations then in progress there, he was taken prisoner, and held so long in captivity

that William gave the earldom to the famous Hugh Lupus, making Cheshire a county palatine, with power to the Earls of Chester to hold provincial parliaments, and establish local tribunals. Hugh used his powers and privileges in their fullest extent, creating eight barons, to whom he deputed civil and criminal jurisdiction in their respective baronies, with equal powers of life and death with himself. The first of these petty potentates were Nigel of Halton, Robert of Montalt, William Malbedeng of Nantwich, Vernon of Shipbroke, Fitzhugh of Malpas, Hamon de Massie of Dunham, Venables of Kinderton, and Nicholas of Stockport. These exceptional powers were held by the Cheshire barons until near the close of the sixteenth century, for the last occasion of their exercise was in 1597, when one Hugh Stringer, convicted of murder in the baronial court of Kinderton, was there executed.

It is, perhaps, because the Earls of Chester held such absolute powers, while the people of the county were not represented in Parliament, that the affairs of Cheshire occupy so small a place in the history of the kingdom during the five hundred years succeeding the Norman

Conquest. A change was made towards the middle of the thirteenth century, but it was one of a personal character rather than political. John Scot, the twelfth Earl of Chester, died in 1237, without male issue, and Henry III. used the opportunity to make the earldom revert to the Crown, observing that so great an earldom "should not be parcelled out among distaffs." Scot's daughters were compensated by grants of other lands, and his possessions, with the title, were conferred upon the King's eldest son, who, however, did not assume the title, which was allowed to be held by his heir, afterwards Edward I.

During the reigns of the first and second Edwards, Chester was the rendezvous of the forces intended for the invasion of Wales, and often suffered considerably in the varying fortunes of that gallant little kingdom when at war with her powerful neighbour, especially when Llewellyn ap Gryffydd made a raid into Cheshire, carrying fire and sword into the suburbs of the city, and devastating the surrounding country. It was at Chester that, in 1275, Edward I. summoned Llewellyn to present himself and do homage to him, which submission

the Welsh prince refused to make. The strife between them was thereupon renewed, but it was not until a quarter of a century afterwards that the Welsh chiefs repaired to Chester and swore fealty to the first English Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II.

The county enjoyed peace during the succeeding century, until the usurper Henry IV. marched through it on his way to Flint, where his rightful sovereign, Richard II., had been confined on his betrayal into the power of his disloyal cousin. On this occasion he seized and held the city of Chester, perhaps as a precaution against a hostile movement in his rear. The disordered state of the country did, indeed, culminate soon afterwards in an insurrection against the new dynasty, and Owen Glendour, who was a descendant of the Welsh kings, needed little incitement to support the rebellion of the Percies. Chester then became once more the rendezvous of the royal forces, but the chief incidents of the tedious strife that ensued belong more properly to the history of Shropshire than to that of Cheshire. In the course of the civil war of the following century, Chester was twice visited by Queen Margaret, the stout-hearted

wife of Henry VI., she having great influence there, where the cause she represented had many adherents.

The Earls of Chester had ruled the county almost independently from the time of the Norman Conquest, when Henry VIII., by the authority of Parliament, made the earldom subordinate to the Crown. Gough says, however, that "notwithstanding this restraint, all pleas of lands and tenements, and all contracts within the county, are to be heard and determined within it; and all determinations out of it are deemed void *et coram non judici*, except in cases of error, foreign plea, and foreign voucher; and for no crime but treason can any inhabitant of this county be tried out of it." It is a notable fact in this connection that Cheshire was not represented in Parliament until 1549, when, in compliance with a petition of the inhabitants, the House of Commons conceded to them the right to send two members from the county, and a like number from the city of Chester. An incident which created much excitement occurred in Chester a few years later, namely, in 1554. One George Marsh was condemned to the stake for heresy, and on the day appointed for the

execution, a daring attempt to effect his rescue was made by one of the sheriffs, named Cooper. The bold enterprise was frustrated, however, by the activity of Amory, the other sheriff. Cooper and his supporters were overpowered, and the unfortunate Marsh suffered martyrdom for his faith. The sympathetic sheriff fled, and succeeded in reaching the Continent, where he remained, awaiting better times, until 1561. He then returned to Chester, of which city he subsequently became mayor.

During the troublous reign of Charles I., Cheshire was, as a rule, more faithful to that faithless monarch than the majority of the counties. Nantwich was, indeed, the only town in the county that uniformly supported the cause of the Parliament and the constitution. Chester, chiefly through the personal influence of Bishop Bridgman, adhered to the fortunes of the King. When a resort to arms became inevitable, the walls of the city were repaired, many houses in the environs demolished, and new works of defence constructed, extending from the walls on the north to the river Dee, near Broughton. On the 20th of July, 1643, the defences were assaulted by a Parliamentary force under the

command of Sir William Brereton, but the attack failed. In the same year a company of three hundred men, sent by the governor of Chester, took part in the capture of Hawarden Castle, in Flintshire, which had been garrisoned for the Parliament.

Nantwich was in the same year besieged by the King's forces, and though defended only by hastily constructed earthworks and ditches, its little garrison repelled the attack with great courage, the assailants suffering severe losses. On the 18th of January, Lord Byron, who commanded the besieging force, was attacked by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and signally defeated. Captain Sandford was killed, and every other officer of distinction made prisoner, including Colonel Monk, who in the last days of the Commonwealth played such an important part in bringing about the restoration of monarchy. The shattered remnant of the besiegers retreated to Chester. Just before this reverse Captain Sandford, supported only by eight men, had surprised Beeston Castle, which had been garrisoned for the Parliament by Captain Steel. The assailants scaled the precipitous side of the hill on which the Castle stands, and having made

their way into the upper ward, summoned the defenders to surrender. The daring enterprise was successful, and Captain Steel, though allowed to march out with his men with arms and colours, was accused of cowardice in surrendering to such a small force, tried by court martial, and the charge being held proven, suffered death. The Castle was invested by another Parliamentarian force, which, after besieging it for four months, retired from before it on the approach of a superior force of Royalists, under the command of Prince Rupert. On the withdrawal of the relieving force, it was again invested by the Parliamentarians, and after a siege extending over eighteen weeks surrendered, the defenders having been reduced by famine to the greatest extremity. The Castle was shortly afterwards dismantled by order of the Parliament.

While the siege of Beeston Castle was being vigorously pressed, a detachment of General Lambert's army attacked and captured the mansion of Vale Royal, one of the wings of which was fired and burned. Victory inclined in these minor encounters sometimes to one side, and sometimes to the other. Crewe Hall was seized by a Parliamentarian force, and recovered

by the Royalists. After the defeat of Lord Byron before Nantwich, the greater part of the county was overrun and subdued by Sir William Brereton, who closed a series of small victories by the investment of Chester. Frequent sallies were made by the defenders of the city, generally with some degree of success; but on the 20th of September, 1644, the Parliamentarian forces gained a signal advantage. On the evening of the 19th, Colonel Jones, who was besieging Beeston Castle, withdrew his troops under cover of darkness, and marched to Chester, the outworks of which he carried by storm at daybreak, to the consternation of the garrison and the loyal inhabitants. The city still held out, however, when, on the 22nd, the King arrived with a body of cavalry, and succeeded in entering it. The besieged obtained only a respite through this relief, however, for on the 27th the Royalist forces under the command of Sir Marmaduke Langdale were attacked and routed on Rowton Heath, two miles from the city, by a body of Parliamentarian troops, led by General Poyntz. The king witnessed the battle from the Phœnix Tower, and on the following day withdrew with his cavalry from Chester, leaving the city to its fate.

On the 6th of October, Sir William Brereton made a vigorous assault on the city, but after a sharp fight, withdrew his troops, and again tried the effect of a close investment, rightly judging that the defenders' store of provisions must soon become low. The resistance was protracted, however, until the 3rd of February, 1645, when famine constrained the garrison to surrender. The only other incident of the war in that year was the siege of Holt Castle by the Parliamentarians, in the course of which Farndon Church was destroyed by fire. In August, 1648, an attempt was made by a Royalist force to recover possession of Chester, and was so far successful that the city was entered; but, owing to the celerity with which a Parliamentarian force moved in that direction, the numerical inferiority of the victors of a day constrained them to abandon their advantage and retreat. The power of the Parliament was now firmly established over the whole of the county, and with its establishment came peace.

The Stuarts had been restored and again deposed before Cheshire was again agitated by war's alarms. It may be readily understood that the loyal and peaceable inhabitants of the county

were somewhat ill at ease when, in 1715, the rebel Jacobites were in Lancashire, and had barricaded Preston against the king's troops: but the danger came no nearer, and all that Cheshire saw of the rebels was the spectacle of those who surrendered at Preston being escorted into Chester, where the rank and file of the prisoners were confined, the officers being sent to London.

In 1745, however, Charles Edward Stuart crossed the Mersey at the head of the rebel army with which he menaced London, and marched across the county, *via* Congleton, into Derbyshire. Though his movements were hastened by the knowledge that a superior force of the king's troops was marching northward on his right flank, he crossed the border of the county near Ashbourne, and hurried on to Derby, where his invasion of the kingdom was brought to a stop. His retreat through Cheshire was as rapid as his advance, and was accelerated by the same cause.

The latest notable event in the history of the county was the Fenian plot to seize Chester Castle in 1867, which it is not improbable would have been successful if the purpose of the conspirators had not been frustrated by the

treachery of one of their number. The idea of creating diversions in England had several times been entertained by the leaders of the Fenian movement, and in 1866, when several of them were in Paris, they made the acquaintance of General Cluseret, who had served with distinction in Italy and Mexico, and an interview was arranged between him and James Stephens, who had the year before effected his escape from prison in Dublin. The French general was so deeply impressed by the ability for organisation displayed by the Fenian "head centre," and by the statements made to him as to the numbers and zeal of the disaffected in Ireland, that he conceived a revolution in that country to be quite feasible. According to his own narrative, given to the world some time afterwards, he calculated that the Government could not, in less than three months from the outbreak of an insurrection in Ireland, bring into the field more than thirty thousand men; and ten thousand rebels, would, he thought, be able to seize the Irish ports, and hold the communications between the garrisoned towns.

Stephens satisfied him that enough men and money would be forthcoming, and upon that

representation he undertook to command the rebel army.

Cluseret came to England to make the final arrangements, and then found that he had been deceived as to the state of preparedness of the men he was to command. Thereupon he abandoned the enterprise, and returned to Paris, where he figured a few years later as Minister of War in the Government of the Commune. The conspirators were unwilling, however, to wholly drop their plans; and having discovered that Chester Castle was guarded by not more than half-a-dozen soldiers, and contained ten thousand rifles, nearly a million of cartridges, and a large quantity of powder in casks, an attack upon that stronghold was resolved upon at a meeting held at Liverpool on the 10th of February, 1867. The attempt was to be made on the following night, and, if it succeeded, it was the intention of the conspirators to cut the telegraph wires, break up the rails on the lines from Birkenhead, Crewe, and Shrewsbury, cross the northern counties of Wales by the only line left open, and seize the mail steamer at Holyhead to carry them over to Ireland.

On the following morning, however, the chief

constable of Liverpool was waited upon by one of the conspirators, an ex-officer of the United States army, who revealed to him all the details of the plot. The authorities at Chester and in London were promptly communicated with, and the magistrates of the former city assembled in haste, organised a force of special constables, and obtained the aid of as many of the county constabulary as could be spared, and a company of infantry from Manchester. The conspirators, being in ignorance of the betrayal of their project, proceeded with it without flinching. Every train that arrived in Chester from Birkenhead and Crewe during the day brought into the city large numbers of Irish workmen, until by the close of the afternoon it was estimated that between fourteen and fifteen hundred had arrived. To the unobservant eye the strangers had no serious purpose in strolling about the quaint old streets, but about six o'clock in the evening the anxious authorities were informed that they were forming in columns on the roads in the environs of the city. There was a brief period of intense excitement, but it passed without any alarm, and then came the welcome intelligence that the columns had melted away, as it were, and their component

units were wending their several ways homeward, in parties of from ten to twenty. The threatened danger had passed, averted probably by the conspirators' discovery that they had been betrayed, and that the authorities were on the alert.

King Edgar on the Dee.

By Edward Lamplough.

IT is a long stretch backward to the England of the tenth century, when Edgar the Pacific ruled in the half-barbaric kingdom; the swords of strong men fencing his throne, and the potent crosier of the great Dunstan going before him to make easy the regal path he trod—a path that had been rough and fateful to better men than himself.

Perhaps no incident in the life of Edgar is more widely known than that of his famous passage from the city of Legions to the Church of St. John, when eight tributary princes took oar in hand and rowed the royal barge. A proud day it was for Edgar. The waters of the Dee were beaten into foam by the oars of many boats, as, with pride and pomp of floating banners and glittering arms, the courtiers, guards, and clergy, pursued in the king's wake, excited and enthusiastic crowds following with their eager gaze a pageant which has served to perplex the historians

of a later day, who, without disputing the act, doubt the significance attached to it by the monkish chroniclers—those grateful panegyrists of a departed patron of their church.

Bradshawe, the monk of St. Werburgh's Abbey, thus narrates the story:—

"Kynge Edgar approched the Cite of Legions,
Now called Chestre, specified afore,
Where viii Kynges mette of divers nacions,
Redy to gyve Edgar reverence and honour,
Legeance and fidelite, depely sworne ful sore
At the same Cite: after to be obedient
Prompt at his callying to come to his parliament.

From the Castell he went to the water of Dee
By a prive posturne through walles of the towne.
The Kynge toke his barge with mycle rialte,
Rowying upwarde to the Church of Saynt John;
The forsayd viii Kynges with him went alone.
Kyng Edgar kept the sterne, as most principall;
Eche Kynge had an ore to labour withall."

Smollett, not disposed to accept the story as told by Malmesbury and others, remarks upon it as "a circumstance which some historians have considered as an act of homage, whereas it appears to have been no more than a compliment or frolic, acted in an excursion of pleasure, that could admit of no serious consideration or consequence."

The dignity of history is thus outraged by a presumption that involves greater improbabilities than it attempts to explain away. More just is the argument of Scottish historians when they allege that if Kenneth performed such service it was for the Lothians, not the realm of Scotland. If Kenneth performed the service, it is not difficult to believe that the other princes assisted.

The homage of the princes is not so defined in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle :—

A.D. 972. "The King led all his ship-forces to Chester; and there came to meet him six Kings, and they all plighted their troth to him, that they would be his fellow-workers by sea and by land."

Hoveden, however, gives a more detailed account :—

"In the lapse of a short time after this, sailing round the north of Britain with a large fleet, he came to the City of the Legions, where, according to his command, his eight tributary Kings met him, namely, Rinath, King of the Scots; Malcolm, King of the Cumbrians; Maccus, King of numerous islands; and five others—Dusnal, Sifreth, Huwald, James, and Inchil; and there they swore that they would be faithful to him,

and would be ready to assist him both by land and by sea.

"On a certain day he embarked with them in a vessel, and they taking their places at the oars, he himself took the helm, and steered it skilfully according to the course of the river; and amid all the multitude of his chieftains and nobles who attended in similar vessels, he sailed from the palace to the monastery of Saint John the Baptist, where prayers having been offered up, he returned in the same state to the palace; on entering which, he is reported to have said to his nobles that now at last each of his successors would be able to boast that he was King of the English, after he had enjoyed the display of such honours, so many Kings paying obedience to him."

Wendover tells the story in almost exactly the same terms, but goes into fuller details as to the princes, whom he thus describes;—"Rinoth, King of Scots, Malcolm, King of the Cumbrians, Maco, King of Mona and numerous isles, Dusnal, King of Demetia, Siferth and Huwal, Kings of Wales, James, King of Galwallia, and Jukil, King of Westmoreland."

Edgar's reign was not a long one, and some

historians have taken exception to the honours claimed for him; but, putting aside the praises of the Church, for which he certainly paid very handsomely, the facts remain that he closely supervised the internal government of the kingdom, kept powerful forces in the North to uphold his authority, and maintained a large and efficient fleet. If, as it has been argued, the tranquil period was a natural incident in the national history, being preceded and followed by storm and violence, it rather goes to prove that Edgar ruled the stormy elements, and made the peace, for, from first to last, his hand was ever on the hilt of his sword; and it is only a natural inference that his readiness for war was his sole bond of peace. It is certain that he must have irritated his somewhat turbulent subjects by his persecution of the married clergy, so largely displaced by the monks; by his generous patronage of Flemings, Germans, and Danes; and by his severity to the inhabitants of the Isle of Thanet. Probably his licentious amours disgusted few, although a source of trouble to his monkish friends. With powerful and warlike princes on his borders, with some elements of disaffection within them, it is to the strong hand of the king, sustained by the

principal churchmen, that we must attribute his peaceful reign; and no doubt the best and wisest of his subjects would appreciate the thoughtful prudence that induced him to exact a certain tale of wolves' heads from the Welsh in place of the silver and gold exacted by Athelstan; and also to replace with a new coinage the clipped and depreciated money that had been so long current in the kingdom.

Chester Castle and Walls.

By Geo. C. Yates, f.s.a.

FREDRICUS attributes the building of Chester Castle to William the Conqueror in 1069. It has, however, an earlier history than this, for, though it cannot claim to have in any portion of it a Roman origin, a part of the present castle occupies the sight of the fortress erected by the Saxon Princess Elfleda in 907. This fortress was, after the Saxon fashion, an earthwork nearly circular, strongly entrenched and surrounded with a wooden stockade. The buildings within the enclosure, for the chief's headquarters, would be most certainly of timber and not of stone. William the Conqueror most probably made considerable additions to Elfleda's stronghold, but these additions need not necessarily have been all structures of stone, for timber was not unfrequently used in castellated work of the early Norman period. These additions would be comprised within the circuit of the inner bailey or "upper ward," as marked on a

plan copied from an old drawing in the British Museum. It was not until Henry III. assumed the Earldom of Chester, in 1237, that any extensive stonework was introduced. In the Royal Letters (c. 1246, nine years after the assumption of the earldom,) Henry III. writes to John de Gray, his justiciary, ordering him to remove the palisading work with which the bailey about the Castle of Chester was enclosed, and to build up a wall of lime and stone, the expenses of which were to be charged to the King's exchequer.

It is possible that in the interval between 1237 and 1246 the so-called Julian Tower (with the hall and other buildings of the inner bailey) was built; for the architectural features of the chapel and crypt are of Henry's time. There was certainly in the time of the Norman Earls a tower within the Castle demesne, for John le Scot, in his charter to St. Werburgh's, grants quittance of the three loaves which the monastery used to give daily to the town of his Castle of Chester.

In the Close Rolls of 35 Henry III. (1251) is contained an order from the king to his justiciary, Alan la Zouch, directing the wall of the outer

ward and the new hall in the Castle, which are begun, to be finished.

The wall built in obedience to the order of 1246 to enclose the inner bailey, was a lofty one, strengthened additionally by being raised on the ridge of the earlier entrenchments.

The inner ward was entered by a strong gateway, flanked by two bastions. To the north-west were three towers, two half-round, the third square, which has been called the flag-tower. These towers commanded the passage of the River Dee. On the south was a sally port, which was defended by a bartizan above it, carried on corbels. The remainder of the wall on the south-east and east had no towers, as the ground was naturally so high and precipitous as to require no such protection. In the east part of the ward, as being the least exposed to attack, were two buildings and a hall and a cluster of living apartments.

Immediately east of the gateway was the so-called "Julian Tower," which contained three apartments, a crypt on the floor level, supporting a fine stone-vaulted chapel, and above that a third vaulted chamber.

The inner bailey was separated from the outer

bailey by a deep ditch 100 feet wide, crossed by a drawbridge. The whole arrangement of the towers and the position of the wide ditch indicate that the inner bailey was, in its original conception, a complete fortress, and that the outer bailey was an addition of later date. A great deal of work was done here by Edward I., whose chief assistant, Richard the Engineer, was kept constantly employed. Edward III. had also a number of men at work in alterations and additions, repairing the "great stable," and building a new kitchen and other apartments.

The Castle was entered by a fine gateway, defended on either side by a large and lofty half-drum tower, and further protected by a portcullis. It is supposed that under these flanked towers were the dungeons and prisons of the Castle.

If this be so, one of the towers would be that referred to in the Minister's accounts, 50 Edward III., as "Goghestour," in which a prisoner, Roger de Ridelegh, in attempting to escape, had removed some stones. Earlier than this, 28 Edward III., John Sumerill, deputy constable of the Castle, is indicted for striking a certain John le Parker, a prisoner in the prison called "Gowestour" and for putting him in the stocks with irons,

viz. :—fetters on his legs, manacles and bolts on his arms, and a collar round his neck, the severity being such that the prisoner died under it.

On the west side of the castle enclosure was a square tower. On the east side, on the least exposed situation, stood the great shire hall, or hall of "Hugh Lupus," the exchequer court, and the various offices. The shire hall, stated by Pennant to have been "nearly 99 feet by 45 feet, and height very awful," was a building of noble dimensions, much loftier than the exchequer court, which stood by its south end. The shire hall of the early times was removed in Elizabeth's reign, 1581.

There appears to have been outside the Castle gates another shire hall, evidently, for the most part, a timber building, which the Magistrates of Chester petitioned Lord Treasurer Burghley, 4 Feb., 1588, "to be given them for a shambles, it being uncovered and in ruin." They happened at the time to be in special need of such a building, for "their butchers had lately enhanced the prices of flesh, and they were constrayned to call in the countrey butchers, by whose repaire thither the cittie was better and more reasonably served."

They beg his (Lord Burghley's) acceptance of half-a-dozen Cheshire cheeses.

The City Magistrates had thought that they had made good bargain with the Castle authorities in getting the old hall at the cost of some civil letters and a present of six Cheshire cheeses. But in 1594 (25th May) Sir Hugh Cholmondeley writes to the Lord Treasurer, on behalf of the mayor and citizens, that they had "obtained their sute for transferring the old shire hall into shambles, making the upper part a garner to stow His Majestie's corn or other provisions, a flesh shambles or open market underneath. This had been done at great expense—now a demand was made of them by process of £40."

One of the towers, presumably close to the shire hall, called Maysham's Tower, was used as the repository for the rolls, and placed, 20 Henry VI., in the charge of Henry Herleton, who had served in the French wars.

Henry of Lancaster (afterwards Henry IV.), having taken up arms against Richard II., in 1399, mustered his army upon the banks of the Dee, under the walls of Chester, and Sir Piers Legh, of Lyme, an adherent of Richard, was

beheaded, and his head set upon the top of the highest tower in the castle. A few days afterwards the unfortunate Richard and the Earl of Salisbury were brought prisoners to Chester, "mounted (says Hall) upon two little nagges not worth forty francs, when the king was delivered to the Duke of Gloucester's sonne and the Earl of Arundell's sonne, that loved him but a little, for he had put their fathers to death, who led him straight to the Castell."

In 1403, Henry Percy, the renowned Hotspur, visited Chester on his way to the fatal field of Shrewsbury, and caused proclamation to be made that King Richard was yet alive, and a prisoner in Chester Castle, where he might be seen.

Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, wife of the good Duke Humphrey, was confined for several months in Chester Castle, in 1447, previous to her removal to the Isle of Man under a sentence of perpetual imprisonment on a charge of "practising the King's Death."

Here, in 1651, the Puritans "Sought the Lord," by trying and condemning to death the gallant and patriotic Earl of Derby, Sir Timothy Featherstonehaugh, and Captain Benbow.

According to Whitlocke, the Earl "attempted to escape, and was let down by a rope from the leads of his chamber, but some hearing a noise made after him and he was re-taken upon Dee bank."

He was afterwards beheaded at Bolton, while Featherstonehaugh was shot in the Market-place of Chester.

The old Castle was removed towards the close of the 18th century, and the new one erected from the plans of the late Thomas Harrison, the architect of the Grosvenor Bridge.

The grand entrance occupies the centre of a semi-circular fosse, and is of the Grecian Doric order. The whole of the majestic semi-fluted columns of this gateway, and of the Shire Hall, are each constructed from capital to base of a single stone. As we pass into the Castle yard we have at one view a fine prospect of this noble square.

The two wings of the Castle, and the whole of the buildings to the right, are appropriated to the military; the centre to the Assize Court and County Gaol. The right wing is the Officers' Barracks. The Pensioners' Offices are at the back of the left wing, at one side of

which is the Nisi Prius Court, Grand Jury Room, etc.

The first floor of the new barracks on the higher wards is appropriated to the Armoury.

Near these buildings is an old square tower called "Julius Cæsar's," otherwise "Julius Agricola's," tower, in which was situated the Chantry of "St. Mary infra Castrum." It was in this chapel that James II. received mass during his stay at Chester. This tower was newly cased with red stone in 1818. The powder magazine is at present kept in it. Close by stood, prior to its demolition, the ancient Shire Hall and Exchequer Court, the latter was the Parliament house of the Palatine Earls, and had neatly carved seats for the Earl and his eight barons, spiritual and temporal.

In front of the Hall of Justice is a portico supported by twelve pillars in double rows. The entrances are at the sides of the portico. Behind this building is the Constable's residence, a terrace in front of which commands a view of the Chapel and Felons' Yards below, five in number. The Debtors' Yards form quadrangles on the right and left of the Constable's house on a level with the Castle Yard.

The late Dean Howson, in speaking of the Chester Walls, says, "Chester is the only city in Great Britain which has the enclosure of its ancient walls complete, and so preserved as to furnish a convenient and public walk throughout. York has a similar arrangement through a large extent of its walls; but there the circuit is not continuous and perfect. Conway, on the other hand, does present an unbroken circuit of wall; but it does not constitute the public walk of a large city, and can only be regarded as a remarkable relic of mediæval fortification.

For another reason, the walls of Chester are worthy of very close attention. They are closely connected with all the vicissitudes of its military and political history. Four periods, in which they illustrate these annals very distinctly, may be briefly pointed out.

Of the first, or Roman period, when for some centuries this city was the garrison of the famous Twentieth Legion, a remarkable, though at first sight not very conspicuous, memorial still survives. On the north side of the city, where also the deep Roman cutting of the red rock for the old Foss may be seen, there is in the external face of the wall a continuous portion of ancient

masonry, surmounted by a cornice of true classical form, which from the North Gate Bridge over the Canal can be discerned without difficulty among the weeds. From this masonry, too, an important practical lesson may be learnt; for the stone employed in it is not from the lower beds of bad red sand-stone, of which the Cathedral was built, but from the upper and harder beds, which are now being used for its restoration.

The departure of the Romans left this city more or less desolate; and for a time we find the space within the old walls entitled "Waste Chester." But the later Saxon times and the earlier Norman times brought Chester back to its old importance, and saw it strongly re-fortified. It is probably to a brave Saxon princess that we owe, within this enclosure, the mound on which the Castle now stands; and here was erected the Norman Keep, of which some traces still remain, though these are very slight.

The Edwardian period of Chester history and Chester architecture has been indicated as very important, and they have left their mark very definitely on the city walls. The contract for the building of the Water Tower is still preserved,

and among other records relating to the same general subject, is another for the building of a new stone wall round the Castle.

The fourth period is that of the Civil War, when Chester was long successfully held by the Royalists against the Parliamentarians. To this time belongs that tragic interview of the Earl of Derby, just outside the city walls.

The four principal gates of the city were held by sergeancy under the Earl of Chester. 1. The *East Gate* Henry de Bradford received from King Edward (2 Jan., 3 Edw. I.,) in exchange for messuages and land in Bradeford in De la Mara Forest. With it he had the grant of land in Bruardeshalgh, Marleston, and Lache, common pasture on Saltney Marsh, and the issues and bailiwick belonging thereto, and three marks of rent to be received of the heirs of Richard de Pulford. For this Henry de Bradford was to pay 1d. annually. The Bailiwick and other rights were bought in 1376 of Thomas de Pulford by Sir William Trussell, Knight of Cublesdon, and in 1380 transferred for life to William de Blumhull. It afterwards passed to the Veres, Earls of Oxford, and subsequently by sale to Randulph Crewe, through whom Lord Crewe

holds the office. The keepers of the gate had the inspection of weights and measures, and were bound to find a crannock and bushel for measuring salt.

This gate was taken down in 1768.

The *Water Gate* was held in 1345 by William de Doncaster, who received it from William de Neston and John de Neston chaplains.

The sergeant of this gate was bound to execute the Mayor's processes on the River Dee. The gate would most probably be closed by a double door, strengthened by a portcullis and a draw-bridge.

The *Bridge Gate* was held by the ancestors of Richard Bagotte, who being incompetent from poverty and other causes to discharge the services, particularly in war time, released it before Thomas de Boulton, Justiciary, to Philip the Clerk, citizen of Chester, about 1267. The Sergeancy passed subsequently to Robert de Raby, and later in moieties to the houses of Holes and Norris. One of these moieties descended through the Holes and Troutbecks to the house of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.

The *North Gate* was specially in charge of the Sheriffs of the City, who received the tolls, in

return for which they kept the gate and the prison, attended to the pillory and stocks, of which they kept the keys, hung felons and robbers after the sentence, published the Earl's proclamations, and called the citizens to assembly of portmote by sounding the horn. The gate, which was removed in 1808, consisted of a dark, narrow, and inconvenient passage, under a pointed arch, over which was a mean and ruinous gaol, the "Franchehouse," or "Freehouse."

In describing the Chester Walls, it is as well to begin with the East Gate, which is a wide elegant arch spanning the roadway, with two posterns for the convenience of pedestrians; the whole surmounted by a light iron railing. This was erected, in 1769, at the sole expense of Lord Grosvenor, great-grandfather of the present Duke of Westminster. Leaving the East Gate we pass on to the Cathedral of St. Werburgh, of which we have a splendid view, perhaps seen from here to greater advantage than from any other accessible point. The ancient burial-ground (used as a place of sepulture long before the Conquest) has been planted with trees, which give a highly picturesque effect. On the margin of this cemetery a Roman sculptured grave-stone was

discovered in 1860, close to the foundation of the New Corn Exchange. A Roman altar has more recently been discovered on the same site. After passing the Cathedral we arrive at the Kale-Yards Gate. This postern leads to the Kitchen Gardens, or as they were called in Chester, the Kale-Yards, which formerly belonged to the Abbot and Convent of St. Werburgh. The arch was made for their convenience by permission of the citizens in the reign of Edward I.

At the first angle of the walls is seen King Charles' Tower, or, as it is sometimes called, the Phœnix Tower, from the figure of the Phœnix, which is the crest of one of the City Companies, ornamenting the front of the structure. It is now used as a small museum. A flight of stone steps leads up to the entrance. The following inscription explains the origin of its name :—

KING CHARLES
STOOD ON THIS TOWER,
SEPTEMBER 24th, 1645, AND SAW
HIS ARMY DEFEATED
ON ROWTON MOOR.

It is curious that this date is not quite correct, the battle actually took place on the 27th September, when his forces, under Sir Marma-

PORTION OF EAST WALL.

duke Langdale (who were on their way to reinforce the garrison of Chester,) were defeated by General Poyntz, at the battle of Rowton Moor. The defeat was in fact almost the final blow received by the King in his struggle with the Parliament.

Leaving the Phœnix Tower, we notice a deep cutting underneath the walls, along which runs the Shropshire Union Canal.

Here is the place where so many Roman remains were found in 1887-8. Thirty-two lettered stones, ranging from complete inscriptions to mere fragments, many sepulchral sculptures, and a large quantity of worked stones, were extracted from the lower part of the wall. Other interesting discoveries are the result of repairs to the North Wall, to the west of the North Gate. Mr. F. Haverfield, F.S.A., says one inscription records one C. Julius Severus, a horseman of the 20th legion, who died at the age of 40; another, to the memory of two little girls, Resita and Martha, aged respectively seven and three. Both had sculptures above the inscriptions —the former a horseman, the latter a banquet scene, of a kind common on ancient tombstones, but unfortunately both these are broken. Two

CURATIA TOMBSTONE.

perfect pieces of sculpture were discovered as ornamental headpieces to tombstones; one of these upon the "Curatia" tombstone represented a figure of the deceased reclining as at a banquet. All these treasures are now safely deposited in the New Grosvenor Museum.

Morgan's Mount is the next place of note on the North Wall. It is a kind of watch tower, having a lower chamber on the level of the walls, and an open platform above, accessible by a few winding steps. During the siege of Chester, a battery was placed on the summit of this tower, and from its commanding position, surrounded by earth-works, successfully kept the besiegers at bay. From this point can be seen the whole extent of the outer side of the North Wall, and there is a magnificent view of the Welsh Hills, across Hawarden, including Moel Fammau and the estuary of the Dee.

A little farther along, we arrive at another tower, originally its present height, and at one time denominated the Goblin's Tower, but of late better known as Pemberton's Parlour. Though now semi-circular, this was in all probability a round or octagonal tower when first erected, having a passage through for pedestrians. In

1720, being in a ruinous state, a great part of it was taken down, and the remainder repaired and externally re-cased. An inscription proclaimed that in a certain "year of the glorious reign of Queen Anne, divers wide breaches in these walls were repaired, 2000 yards of the pavement were new flagged or paved, and the whole repaired, regulated, and adorned, at the expense of £100 and upwards. Thomas Hand, Esq., Mayor 1791, The Right Honourable William, Earl of Derby, Mayor, 1702, who died in his Mayoralty."

Passing on from Pemberton's Parlour, we see on our left hand a large and verdant mead, still retaining its ancient name of the Barrow Field or Lady Barrow's Hey. This is the place where the soldiers of old Rome went daily through their military exercises, and where, 1500 years afterwards, great numbers of the citizens who died of the plague were hurriedly buried.

During some excavations in 1858 several Roman graves of high interest were discovered, together with numerous vases, lamps, ornaments, and coins of the same mighty people.

We now come to the Water Tower, which occupies and extends from the north-west angle of the Walls. This tower was originally built

for warlike purposes, and it will be seen at once that it bears the marks of some well-aimed shots from Cromwell's army. It derived its name from the fact that in olden times the waters of the Dee came up to its walls with sufficient depth to enable vessels of considerable size to be moored thereto, iron rings being fixed in the masonry for that purpose. It is supposed that a tower was built here in the fourteenth century, and rebuilt about the middle of the seventeenth, but at the latter time the river bed had even then become so choked as to practically render the tower useless for its intended purposes. It fell into disuse, and was becoming a ruin, when the Committee of the Mechanics' Institution obtained permission to occupy it, and accordingly in the upper tower they placed a Camera Obscura, and in the lower one an interesting collection of curiosities, local and otherwise. The grounds adjoining are tastefully laid out, and contain some interesting specimens of ancient remains of the pillars of a Roman hypocaust or vaulted chamber, from which the heat of a fire was anciently, by the Romans, distributed to the rooms above, by means of earthen tubes. This method of heating was used in the public

baths, and also in private houses. We next come to the Watergate (so called from the Dee having originally flowed up to its portals). Like the East and North Gates, it is a modern structure, having replaced the old and unsightly archway in 1789, as appears by an inscription on the west side. From this point all along to the Grosvenor Road, the wall runs along the side of the famous "Roodee" (or the island of the Cross), the Chester race-course. Along the whole length of the Western Wall the view is simply charming at any time of the year when the atmosphere is clear. Here is the Grosvenor Bridge over the Dee. This bridge is an exceptional one, spanning the river by a single stone arch of 200 feet in width. It was formally declared open in 1832, by the young Princess Victoria, now Her Majesty the Queen. It was designed by the late Mr. Thomas Harrison, a local architect, and cost £30,000.

We are now at Chester Castle, the walls of which come down to the City Walls. Still onwards by the side of the Dee, and we approach the old Dee Bridge and Mills, having on the opposite shore the suburb of Handbridge, called by the Welsh, "Treboeth, or burnt town," from

its having been so often razed to the ground during their predatory incursions. Yonder is Edgar's Field, so called from the palace of that Saxon monarch having been traditionally situate there. In this field is a projecting rock, partially excavated, still bearing the name of Edgar's Cave; and the tradition is that, in 971, that monarch was rowed from thence to St. John's Church by six petty kings or princes, in token of their subjection to his rule. At the entrance of the cave is a rude Roman sculpture, very much decayed, but believed to represent Minerva, accompanied by her usual symbol, the Owl. In Roman times a ford existed across the Dee at this point, and the road therefrom ran alongside the sculptured rock.

A few steps further will bring us to the South or Bridge Gate, the last of the four principal gates of the city. The original picturesque gate was taken down in 1781, and the new one erected in its stead. Crossing over the Bridge Gate we have now a good view of the old Dee Bridge and Mills. A short distance from here are the Recorder's steps leading to the Groves, and within a few paces onwards, are the Wishing Steps. From here we have a beautiful prospect

of the banks of the Dee, and of the south-eastern environs of the city.

From this point to the Eastern Gate there is little of any interest except a fine black and white timbered house of modern construction. The

INSCRIBED STONE, CHESTER WALLS.

inscription on the front, "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life," was taken from a Roman coin found on the site during the building operations. Most visitors pass over the New Gate without noticing it, as it is not particularly conspicuous from above. It was anciently called "Wolf's

Gate," because a wolf's head was cut in stone over the entrance. At one time this gate was closed because "a Mayor of Chester had a daughter stolen away by a young man through it, as she was playing at ball with other maidens in Pepper Street," giving rise to a variation of the old proverb about locking the stable door after the horse is stolen, "When the daughter is stolen shut the Pepper Gate." We soon arrive at the East Gate, and so the circuit round the Walls is complete.*

* For much valuable information contained in this paper, I am indebted to Rupert Morris's "Chester during the Plantagenet and Tudor periods," Thomas Hughes' "Chester," and Dean Howson.

Chester Cathedral.

By J. A. Clapham.

THE city of Chester is one of the most ancient and interesting in the kingdom. The antiquary here finds his eye pleased and his mind enlightened with many objects dear to his heart. The traveller who has visited the capital of Switzerland notices how much some of the streets of Chester resemble the streets of Berne, and remarks how a lady can transact her housekeeping in rainy weather without the necessity of an umbrella.

The historian who has read of the numerous encounters on the Welsh Marches, when the Llewellyns, in their pride, defied the power of the early Norman kings, notices the walls which once encompassed the city,

"And oft turned back the tide of war."

But the glory of the city is its Cathedral, the central tower of which is a landmark for many miles around. Before going round with the late Dean Howson, who described to the writer most

admirably and graphically the exterior and interior of the sacred structure, it may be well to say how, in many ways, it differs from other minsters. It has no crypt like Ripon or York. It has no heaven-pointing spire like Wakefield, Norwich, or Salisbury. It has no national monuments like Winchester or Westminster. It has no historical associations like Canterbury. It has not the grand, commanding situation of Lincoln or Durham. It has not three towers like York, or four transepts like Beverley. And last, not least, it has not the splendid facade of Lichfield or Strasburg.

Mentioning Lichfield, reminds us that Chester was once part of that diocese, the bishop of which removed his seat to Lichfield in A.D. 1075. His successors were sometimes called Bishops of Chester. It was not, however, until the time of Henry VIII., when the dissolution of the monasteries took place, that Chester was made into a distinct bishopric. The King commanded that the Abbey Church of St. Werburgh should be the Cathedral, and the shrine of the saint was made into the bishop's throne. The church was then dedicated to Christ and the Blessed Virgin. At first the bishopric belonged to the province

of Canterbury, but was afterwards translated to that of York.

In the "Cathedral Churches of England and Wales," we are told that the arms of the See, three mitres on a red field, probably refer to the three bishoprics of Chester, Lichfield, and Coventry, once united.

The church contains specimens of all the four styles of Gothic architecture, Norman, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular. It was founded as a Benedictine Monastery by Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, in 1095. It has been restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, and the stone chiefly used in the restoration is the red sandstone called Runcorn. The church is in the form of a cross; the north transept, however, being very small, only the size of the space enclosed by the central tower pillars, whereas the south transept is broader than the nave, and nearly as long, and was for very many years divided from the church, and used as a separate sanctuary under the title of St. Oswald's. Unlike many northern abbeys, the cloisters are to the north of the nave. At Bolton and Kirkstall, and elsewhere, the builders erected their cloister courts at the sunny side of the church, where they were

protected from the north winds ; but at Chester all the monastic buildings, the cloisters, the chapter-house, the refectory, and the dormitories, are on the coldest side of the Cathedral.

Commencing at the frater, or refectory, which was originally Early English, but had Perpendicular windows, broken out 200 years later, we notice that it is a very fine apartment, ninety-eight feet long by thirty-two feet broad. It has one of the finest stone pulpits, or reading places, in England, containing some beautifully carved Decorated ornament work in the arch above and the wall below. The pulpit is approached by a staircase lighted by Gothic arches, supported by double columns. The cloisters are screened by Perpendicular windows, unglazed. The chapter house is a noble room fifty feet in length, and twenty-seven feet in width, and lighted by Early English lancets, in triplets at the sides, and a group of five at the east end. It is entered by a square vestibule, which is vaulted like the chapter house. A chapel between the last and the church is now used as a vestry. Here entering the north transept, we find the tomb of Bishop Pearson (1685), which, like most of our Stuart erections, is no ornament to the place, occupying a far

larger space than it deserves. Around the choir and presbytery are the foundations of the old Norman church. The choir stalls are to a great extent of the Perpendicular style of the fifteenth century, and exhibit some exquisite carving, which deserves careful notice. Dean Howson mentioned with particular pleasure that the marble altar table was brought from the Holy Land by Mr. Henry Lee, of Manchester, who, as a Nonconformist, presented it to the Cathedral as a token of kindness and goodwill.

The shrine of St. Werburgh, which is no longer used as a bishop's throne, is the most imposing monument in the church. It is built in two stages, and is about fourteen feet in height, and is in the form of a parallelogram. In the lower stage there are six openings, with shafts with bases and capitals, and Gothic arches with crocketted gables. The pillars are plain. In the upper stage the Decorated Gothic comes out in all its richness and beauty, as was best displayed in the time of the third Edward, and of which the Eleanor crosses are such fine examples. The buttresses are panelled, and are terminated with canopied niches with figures, and the arches have flowing tracery in their heads.

The east window of five lights will not compare with those of York or Lincoln. The absence of the triforium greatly detracts from the appearance of the Cathedral when looking from the west end to the east window, but the windows of the clerestory are unusually large and lofty, and to some extent obviate this great disadvantage. There are no buttresses between the clerestory Perpendicular windows. The windows of the south transept aisles are Decorated, of four lights.

Anyone who looks at the views of Chester Cathedral published fifty years ago, and compares them with the structure as it at present stands, must be pleased with the great improvement that has taken place. A lot of the rubbishy buildings that obscured and disfigured the Cathedral have been removed. The tower has been almost entirely rebuilt by Sir Gilbert Scott. It never had the squat appearance of the central tower at Ripon, for although of only one stage, that stage was a lofty one, and relieved with eight dormer windows of two lights, and panelling on the upper stonework. Added to these, at the angles of the tower are handsome octagonal turrets, which greatly increase the height of the tower. And it is specially worthy of notice that they are not

stuck on, as some pinnacles appear to be, but rise as part and parcel of the structure, and greatly add to its dignity and beauty. It is generally believed that the tower was originally intended to have been graced with a tapering spire, but that, like the groining of the church, was never carried out, perhaps for lack of funds. Elegant towers and pinnacles have been added during the restoration to the west front, the termination of the presbytery, where it forms a junction with the Lady Chapel, and at the gable at the east end. The western entrance demands more than a passing notice, and has been well called a singular and beautiful composition. The door is a Perpendicular arch, enclosed within a square head, and this is further enclosed within another Perpendicular or Tudor arch. Above the entrance is the great western window of eight lights, with Perpendicular tracery in the head.

The dimensions of the cathedral are thus given :—

Length from east to west - -	350 feet.
Nave - - - - - -	175 ,,
Choir - - - - - -	100 ,,
Lady Chapel - - - -	60 ,,
Breadth of nave, choir, and aisles	74½ ,,

Transept from north to south	-	180 feet.
South transept, breadth	- -	80 ,,
,, length	- -	84 ,,
Height of nave, choir, and presbytery		78 ,,
,, central tower	- -	127 ,,
,, Lady Chapel	- -	33 ,,
North transept (breadth of)	-	39 ,,

Like most cathedrals, it was designed to have two square towers at the west end, one at each side of the principal entrance, the foundations of one of them can be clearly seen.

In thus rapidly describing the principal portions and objects most worthy of notice in this most interesting ecclesiastical structure, we have said nothing about Chester itself as the great, the chief, station of the Roman power in Britain. We have said nothing about the early history of the church in the Saxon times, for there certainly was a Saxon church here before the Conquest. Nothing remains of this edifice, unless the stones were built into the Norman Sanctuary, and there is so little remaining of the latter that it would almost take an antiquary to point out the rounded arches and the cushioned capitals which are so prominent in the crypt of York and the nave of Durham.

If our readers would like to know more of the distinctions in column, window, buttress, pinnacle, ornament, and tower, which show the different styles of Gothic architecture, we would recommend them to purchase and study Mr Parker's "Introduction" to the subject, which is admirably illustrated, and will give them for a crown many an hour of interest and instruction. By this means they will gain a better knowledge of the thousands of magnificent structures which are the glory of our land, and of which Chester Cathedral is not one of the least beautiful.

Festival-Time in Old Chester.

By the Rev. Geo. S. Tyack, b.a.

A WORD, as we all know, often by its very form stereotypes a fact, of which otherwise we might lose sight. A familiar illustration of this is the word *holiday*, reminding us, as it does, that long before the times of statutory Bank Holidays, or the thought of legally enforced "early closing," or, in fact, any other provision by the state for securing to the masses a due proportion of rest and recreation, the Church stepped in between employer and employed, and insisted that on the chief Holy Days of the Christian year the hum-drum round of weekly toil should cease, and that all the brightness and colour that went to make up "Merrie England" should take its place. So it comes to pass that if we would know how our forefathers enjoyed themselves at holiday-times, we must look for records of the festivities at Easter, Whitsuntide, Christmas, and some of the greater Saints' Days.

For all the pageantry in which mediæval

England delighted at such seasons Chester was renowned, and in the records of the old city we catch many a glimpse of sport and public merry-making, of minstrel, mime, and mummer. Let us first note some of the special forms of amusement and pleasure which were locally associated with the "Queen of festivals."

Chester was one of the many places where was ordained an annual game of football, to be played —in this case on Easter Monday—not by picked teams, and after an almost scientific scheme of rules, such as now we see, but by all townsmen indiscriminately. The Shoemakers' Gild of right provided the ball, which was to be of the value of at least 3s. 4d., and presented it to the Mayor, who stood to receive it by the Rood, which gave its name to the Roodee, or Roodeye, in all the glory of mace, sword, and cap of maintenance, attended by his brother-burgesses, and all the city gilds. It would seem that unfortunately in the enthusiasm of the game, manners sometimes got forgotten, and "greate strife did arise,"—something of the same kind has been heard of as occurring at football even in "this enlightened nineteenth century,"—and so notorious did this at last become, that the authorities interfered,

ordering that for the future the said shoemakers should give half-a-dozen silver darts to serve as prizes for foot-races; and that the saddlers in like manner should provide a silver bell as "a rewarde for that horse which with speedy runninge should run before all others," and which thus "bore away the bell."

The practice of archery, so useful to train both hand and eye, and so needful for the protection of the country in those days when the cloth-yard shaft and the bow of yew were the deadliest known artillery, was recognized also as a seasonable Easter sport. Each Benedict who during the preceding year had taken to himself a wife within the city of Chester, was bound to provide a silver arrow as an archer's prize. The sheriffs also, having chosen each a team of valiant marksmen, shot a match at archery on the Roodee on Easter Monday, and afterwards breakfasted together, with the bowmen, on calves' heads, at the Town Hall. An order in the Common Council book concerning the instruction of the young folk in archery is interesting as throwing light upon several matters:—"For the avoiding of idleness, all children of six years old and upwards, shall on week-days be set to school, or

some virtuous labour, whereby they may hereafter get an honest living; and on Sundays and holy days they shall resort to their parish churches and there abide during the time of divine service, and in the afternoon all the said male children shall be exercised with bows and arrows for pins and points only: and that their parents furnish them with bows and arrows, pins and points, for that purpose, according to the statute lately made for maintaining of shooting in long-bows and artillery, being the ancient defence of the kingdom."

Playing at ball was another amusement characteristic at Chester of Easter Monday, and one that had taken such a hold on the popular fancy that it even forced its way into the Church; for, strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless asserted that the Bishop and Dean took a ball into the Cathedral, and that it was banded about between them and the choristers during the singing of the antiphon, a practice which, to say nothing of its reverence, can scarcely have assisted much in the rendering of the said antiphon.

Whitsuntide as it came round, brought to the good folk of Chester amusement of another sort,

in which religious instruction had a part; for it was then that the Mysteries, or Miracle Plays, were presented.

The trouble and expense of preparing these costly shows were undertaken here, as at Coventry and elsewhere, by the trade-gilds of the city, of which there were twenty-four; each gild having a separate section of the whole story to be acted assigned to it. Thus the tanners began by performing the "Fall of Lucifer," the drapers followed with the "Creation," the water-carriers came next with the "Flood," and so on through all the main incidents of the Biblical narrative, concluding with the Last Judgment.

The pageant, or stage, consisted of a car on four or six wheels, of two storeys, the upper one being open, and used for the performance, the lower one being covered with curtains, and serving as a dressing-room, or "green-room." Above all was a roof, often carved and gaily adorned with flags and gilded vanes. That all the crowd that flocked to these celebrated spectacles, not only from all parts of the city but from the whole country-side, might have an opportunity of seeing, the moving stages were in succession drawn from place to place. Thus the first play was given at

the Abbey Gate, and, being concluded, the pageant car was dragged to the Water Gate, and the actors repeated their performance; meanwhile the second car had taken its place before the Abbey, and in due time followed the first to the second station, when that had moved forward to the third and last in Bridge Street. In this way nine plays were performed on Whit-Monday, another nine on Tuesday, and the remaining seven on Wednesday, each one playing three times in the day.

Heralds, with blare of trumpet, made proclamation at the commencement, and described at some length the series of sacred mysteries about to be represented. The Scriptural story was usually followed pretty closely in these plays, with the addition of a certain amount of what we should now call "low comedy." Noah's wife was generally made the subject of some sly hits at the weaknesses of her sex, and the loud, but useless raging of King Herod, and above all the boisterousness of the Devil, terrible in horns and tail and shaggy coat, were made the objects of derisive mirth. The play of "Ezekiel" must have been rather a striking one, and evidently required no small stock of machinery, and

considerable skill in stage carpentry; it consisted of the setting forth of the prophetic signs of the end of the world, and teemed with earthquakes, tempests, and conflagrations.

We have no certain clue to the date of the beginning of this annual exhibition. Some place it as early as 1268; it is certain that it was in vogue in 1327. One Randall Higgenett, monk of Chester Abbey, is reputed to have been the author of the original "book;" perhaps he was responsible mainly for editing and adapting it, for even in those remote days there seems to be evidence that the English borrowed their mysteries, as now they borrow their farces, from their French neighbours. The coarseness of parts of these plays, and the liberties they take with things and persons the most sacred, would rightly shock us of to-day, but doubtless they did their work of an instruction in an illiterate age, the simplicity of the people preventing them from perceiving anything objectionable in much that we should find unendurable. One wonders whether, in another century or two, our descendants may find our methods of cajoling the public into a smattering of education by various combinations of amusement and instruction, as

ludicrous and uncouth as our ancestors' ways appear to some of us!

The pageant, however, died hard in Chester. Long after the mysteries were counted among the things of the past, processions of historical or allegorical characters were, under the name of pageants, a popular mark of honour paid to royal and distinguished visitors to the city. Mr. Robert Amory, sheriff of Chester in 1608, set forth such a show in honour of Prince Henry Frederick, eldest son of King James I. Savages, with "huge, blacke shaggie hayre" and "herculean clubbes," S. George in full armour, and the Dragon, "very lively to behold;" Envy, Plenty, Fame, Peace, Joy, and Rumour; Mercury surrounded by fire-works, and figures symbolical of Chester; these and others formed the decidedly motley collection of characters who marched past, sang, mouthed wearisome orations, or performed feats of tumbling "very dangerous and wonderful," to the delight of all the good citizens of Chester, and for the honour of the king.

Chester Fair.

By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks.

"THE whirligig of Time brings its revenges;" that is to say, that one age reverses the decrees of its predecessor. The convenience of the past becomes the abomination of the present. Fairs, except to the horse or cattle dealer, have lost their ancient import. Originally permitted and chartered for the general benefit of the public at large, they are now being gradually put down and abolished as intolerable nuisances, tending to disorder, if not to drunkenness and immorality.

In remote times, when few roads worthy the name were in existence, except those marking the lines of Roman occupation, and intercourse between city and town, or town and country, was consequently more or less dangerous and restricted, it became essentially necessary that appointed spots should be set apart for the interchange or sale of vegetable products, clothing, cattle, or other commodities, and hence came weekly markets into being, to supply the common wants of the people.

Still, these were insufficient for dealings in merchandise on a larger scale, and in 885 Alfred the Great, who had probably seen the mercantile fairs of Italy and Aix-la-Chapelle, established the first fairs in England. These were held by special grants from the king in set places, and generally on the festival of some saint, and under strict regulations for the security alike of the merchant and the buyer.

But it was not until William the Conqueror created his nephew, Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester; and constituted the old Roman city and a radius of eight miles beyond the walls, a County Palatine, wherein the Earl had the jurisdiction of a king, with the lives and property of his subjects at his disposal, that Chester Fair received its charter.

The city had been the battle-ground and spoil of successive conquerors, the Dane, Saxon, Irish, Welsh; and it was for the purpose of keeping back the Irish pirates, and the incursive Welsh, that Hugh Lupus was invested with his earldom and palatinate. He was a fierce warrior, as his surname implies; but he ruled not unkindly or unwisely for those rude times. It is possible that he found a fair already in existence, and

merely confirmed and added to its rights and privileges.

It was an open-air mart, whither might flock merchants and dealers from all parts, and display their wares in safety under the eyes of the Church. Such servants as were free from the bonds of serfdom went thither to be hired, and masters there sought men and maids. Sports and pastimes were permitted, and the Monks of St. Werburgh performed mystery plays for the religious instruction of the unlettered people, the feudal lord being often as ignorant as his serfs and retainers. We may be sure, therefore, such occasions attracted, apart from the proper business of barter or sale, a motley crowd of itinerant musicians, mountebanks, and buffoons, with vagabonds of all degrees of raggedness and ruffianism. Yet to this class did Chester Fair owe one of its peculiar privileges—tantamount to sanctuary.

The fair of those days was at its height. Hugh Lupus was feasting with his friends in the castle he had enlarged and strengthened when secret intelligence was brought that the vindictive Welsh were advancing in overwhelming force upon his city.

Down went the festive wine-cup; up rose the warrior Earl; up rose his Norman friends and followers. There was no loitering. Men feasted then in harness. Forth from the castle marched Hugh Lupus and his warriors through the fair, calling on who would to join them. At the cry of "The Welsh, the Welsh!" the mass moved as one man. Drunk or sober, rustics or ruffians, pipers or fiddlers, every one with his weapon—were it only a cudgel—rushed forward to take part in the fray and drive the enemy back. The Welsh, who came to surprise, secure in numbers and secrecy, were taken unawares, slaughtered, ignominiously defeated, and the remnant driven back to their mountain fastnesses by Hugh Lupus and his undisciplined rabble-rout: and the victory passed into legend and history as "The Fight of the Fiddlers."

It may readily be supposed that where such a rough and reckless assembly came together, that lawless acts and violent deeds were not uncommon. Therefore, to preserve the peace of the fair, to meet the emergency and execute prompt justice on offenders ere they could shake the dust from their feet and flee, a Pie-poudre (or dusty-foot) Court was established. But as a mark of

gratitude to his impromptu followers, the Earl granted the Abbot and Monks of St. Werburgh a right of protectorate over all criminals who might resort to the fair, securing them from arrest and punishment during the fortnight the fair was held, provided their offences were committed outside its limits of time or place. But no immunity was granted for any theft or act of violence taking place within the bounds of the fair. The offender was at once hauled before the Pie-poudre Court for summary justice.

Regulations these suited to the rough times. They remained in existence for centuries, during which civilizing arts and handicrafts made progress, commerce was extended, and—barring temporary interruptions from warlike incursions and troubles, and a suspension during the plague in 1604—Chester Fair grew in importance.

It is scarcely needful to say that, as a Roman city, it was walled round, its main thoroughfares taking the form of a cross, and leading to four fortified gates corresponding to the points of the compass. To preserve these invariable straight lines, the indomitable Roman cut away outcropping and intercepting sandstone. Consequently builders then and later founded their

houses in part on the solid rock, having this foundation in the rear, the front advancing and descending to the level of the roadway, but leaving an arcaded passage above the lowest floor for the benefit of pedestrians in foul weather, and for defence in case of need. And to this custom of the military Roman, Chester is indebted for the peculiar Rows which line its main streets.

This may appear a digression, but it leads us direct to the great October Fair, the commercial fair of the year, though there was a less important one held in July. At the junction of these four roads, Eastgate Street, Bridge Street, Watergate Street, and Northgate Street, stood the ancient church of St. Peter's, forming the corner of the two latter streets. Originally the church overlooked as ancient a stone cross, from the elevated base of which all public proclamations were made, including the declaration of open fair. The fanatic followers of Oliver Cromwell, entering the city at the end of a long siege, destroyed this cross, but on the remaining pediment the legal proclamation, without which no fair could be held, and no one but a freeman of the city could offer his goods for sale, was

made by the mayor every 10th of October. And for fourteen days previously, a large white glove was conspicuously hung out from the said St. Peter's Church, as an emblem alike of peace and of the staple trade of the city, which dealt chiefly in gloves, hides, and fish.

Between the days of Hugh Lupus and of Oliver Cromwell lies a long interval, during which great changes had come about in the needs and requirements of the people, and the advance of manufactures to suggest or supply them. An old chronicler thus sums up the merchandise of the fair in his generation :—

> "Hides and fish, salmon, hake, herringe,
> Irish wool and linen cloth, faldinge,
> And martens good, be her marchandie,
> Hartes hides, and other of venerie,
> Skins of otter, squirrel, and Irish hose,
> Of sheep, lamb and foxe, is her chaffare,
> Fells of kids and conies in great plenty."

By this it will be seen that the Irish pirates had given place to peaceful traders. Then later followed the Welsh with their friezes, linsey-wolsey, and blankets; whilst Manchester furnished a variety of wares large and small. But, to preserve the rights of the freemen, no stranger was allowed to bring his goods into the city for

sale except at Fair time, nor then without paying toll at the entrance-gate, which tolls were called "murage," being set apart for the repair of the city wall.

Yet during the fourteen days the glove hung out its peaceful invitation from St. Peter's Church,—long after the Abbey of St. Werburgh had been despoiled, and its monks had disappeared, and with them their rights and privileges,—the roads leading to Chester were thronged with cattle dealers, showmen, mountebanks, and their congeners, and to them was allotted the old Justing-field outside the eastern wall, leaving the streets free for the booths of merchants with manufactured goods. Groups of these, from Ireland, Wales, Cheshire, and Lancashire, came also in advance to have their places allotted and their booths erected in good time, travelling in parties on foot or horseback, for the protection of themselves and their merchandise, and armed in case of molestation by the way.

This was the case even in the last century, the trader who could secure a stand in the sheltered Rows rejoicing in his advantage over others in the roadway, none but rich merchants, whose goods

came in large quantities by boat or waggon, venturing on the costly luxury of a private room, or part of a room, in one of the many overcrowded inns, where they and their customers might transact business in quiet, without danger to delicate fabrics from dust or downpour.

Even this had its disadvantages, buyer and seller might not know where to find each other, and in a barter trade this was inconvenient. So that more than a hundred years ago a number of Manchester manufacturers, spinners, weavers, and what not, combined together to erect a commodious hall for the accommodation of the shareholders and others from the same district, after the manner of the cloth-halls of Yorkshire.

It was situated in close proximity to the Cathedral, almost under the city wall, and being called the Manchester Hall, left little doubt what was to be disposed of within, or by whom. People were slow to move in those days, and it was not until 1809 that Union Hall rose within a stone's throw of the former, and for more general use. There was also a Linen Hall, but whether it came into existence before or after the nineteenth century, the writer has no data to determine.

For the fourteen days of the fair all was business

and bustle within and without the city, and the streets almost impassable. Then presto! As if with the wave of a magician's wand the multitude dispersed, and not a bargain could be struck, or an article change hands in trade, under pains and penalties. And the city sank to abnormal repose.

But the palmy days of Chester Fair were over when the commercial traveller could drive his gig along good roads, or mount the box of the stage-coach, send home his orders by post, and leave the goods to be transmitted by the public carrier.

The commercial halls were deserted, or put to other uses. The Manchester Hall, the first established, was also the first to decay. The chief promoters had been the writer's ancestors, their relatives and connections; and she was told that quarrels among the shareholders led to litigation, with its natural result.

Chester Fair, with its quaint customs and barter trade, is certainly among the "bygones."

The Origin of the Rowes of Chester.

By William Stevenson.

THE site of Chester, an early fort or camp, is a gentle hill sloping south and west towards the river Dee, a river which defends it on these two sides. In ancient times it was a point offensive and defensive with regard to the opposite or Welsh shore or bank of the river, one that dominated a low-tide-ford or ferry at the extreme mouth of the natural lines or marches which separated what we now know as England and Wales; its southern counterpart was Gloucester. As a blockhouse, at the end of a line of offence or defence, it occupied a similar position to Carlisle, except that the latter dominated a river-crossing on an artificial line, *i.e.*, the Roman wall. It was, is, and must continue to be the most important point of the line that separates England from Wales and Ireland; the great highway, leaving the railways out of the question, is through the heart of this inhabited fort or city. The site is a soft

sandstone rock, geologically the Lower Bunter of the New Red Sandstone System, and for ages the highway was the bare rock. So long as the road existed on the level land there was little or no erasion by the wains, carts, horses, etc., passing along it; but where it occupied the brow of the hill, the wear was pronounced, as the detached portions were removed by storms and rains to lower levels, *i.e.*, to the river banks or meadows. Vehicular traffic, with wains and carts shod with nails, played a part in this erasion or sinking of the roads, and as they wore into ruts or wheel grooves, labourers were employed to dress down the higher parts, or to level the highways. The old land surface, from being built upon or occupied, was subject to a reverse action, inasmuch as it gradually rose by the disposition of waste and rubbish; these movements, going on for centuries, left the highways, passing at right angles through the area of the fort or city, sunken roads or hollow ways; but never so pronounced as to exhibit sections of the rock on either side, in which dwellings or rude habitations could be wrought. The difference in the two levels, in the most pronounced point, *i.e.*, at the site of the former High-cross, or intersection of the ways, was never

more than about ten feet. The wearing down of the highway commenced at the east gate of the city, and extended nearly to the west or water gate, which is suggestive in its continuity of an early ford or ferry in this direction. The wearing down on the cross line, *i.e.*, from north to south, was equally as pronounced in the direction of the bridge; but on the north, which is suggestive of lighter traffic, or an artificial cutting, the line did not extend beyond the cathedral. The broad portion of North-gate Street at this point was formerly continuous to Bridge Street, the two streets being in line. This open space offered a site, before the Conquest, for the erection of St. Peter's Church and the encroachment of the property immediately to the north. The south end of North-gate Street by this means was pushed east, and the continuous line was broken. Cross streets were in due course formed at right angles with the main or sunken roads, in every instance these were cut out of the rock to connect by easy gradients the two levels. A more primitive connection, and one applicable only to pedestrians, was the cutting of steps in the sloping banks of the sunken ways, some of which exist to-day as the stairs of the Rowes.

As to the age of these sunken roads, it is certainly great, they must have existed when the Saxon or English people commenced to build their primitive houses on the high levels abutting on their lines. From evidence afforded by parallel instances in this country, they cannot be later than Roman, and may possibly date from ancient British times. Such works, in which the tooth of time is a great factor, savours of high antiquity, and no student is on safe ground who clings to recent or historic times for their origin.

We have parallel instances of sunken roads in sandstone rocks; but none where they have been built upon or formed into the streets of a town, and hence Chester in its Rowes is unique.

Nottingham is situate on a sandstone rock, which represents geologically a later page in lithological history, viz., the Upper Bunter of the New Red Sandstone System, *i.e.*, the "pebble beds." The old town is on a high level above the adjoining meadows, and sunken roads, exhibiting tall faces of rock, in which rude habitations, etc., were hewn, were numerous until recent times. One of these roads, improved in width and gradient during the last century, exists, which, leading to the Roman Stoney Street,

or Broad Street, or York Street, bears the descriptive name of "Hollow Stone." Here is a row of houses on the high level, in a line with one side of the sunken street, but the upper stories are not brought over on pillars or posts, and the walk, causeway, or rowe, as at Chester, is replaced by a narrow road called Short-hill, protected from the hollow way by palisades. North and west, from half-a-mile to a mile distant, are higher lands, crossed by the ancient north and west roads of the town. These were in old times deeply worn into the local sand rock, and in the cliffs or faces of the rock on either side rude habitations were hewn, occupied by the poor, who were viewed as a dangerous class, and to oust whom they were ultimately destroyed. The age of those excavations is unknown; but the levelling of the ways, *i.e.*, the hewing down of the unworn parts of the road, is alluded to in early times in the published records of the borough. Had these sunken roads, which unitedly were more extensive and more pronounced than those of Chester, been overtaken by the town, they would perforce have been built upon on the high level after the manner of Chester, viz., with causeways, along the brows of the sunken ways,

causeways to be covered, as time rolled on, by bringing over the chambers and carrying them on pillars. Had the sunken ways, as at Chester, been associated with sloping sides, they would have been utilised as stairs to connect the two levels. The slopes themselves would have given place to cellars, vaults, or store-places, roofed or floored level with the causeways; these in their turn would have been covered over by a second extension of the chambers, possibly on a second row of pillars, and the line of the foot of the slopes, or the dead width of the sunken ways, would have been the line of frontage of the house property. This was not to be; but the town itself has its rowes of one order of overhanging chambers carried on one order of pillars. These, known as Long-row, Timber-row (now South-parade), Cuckstool-row (now Poultry), White-friars-row (now Beast-market-hill), Rotten Row (now Cheapside), are on level ground. They are jointly as extensive as those of Chester; but far less quaint and picturesque, one or two only being of timber, and none of higher antiquity than the sixteenth century, nevertheless the Rows of Nottingham are the nearest parallel to the celebrated Rowes of Chester.

The most picturesque sunken ways, possibly, in England, are in Ratcliffe-gate, on the outskirts of Mansfield, Notts. They are on the slope of a hill of red sandstone, identical in Geologic age with the rock of Chester. It is a Roman road, nigh unto which a pig of lead, now in the British Museum, was found some years ago. The oldest sunken way had a cliff, or face, on one side only, the ground falling away on the other. In this face rude dwellings, the age of which is unknown, were wrought, and one of them, with a pretty garden occupying the site of the ancient road, is still occupied.

A time came when the roadway was removed, somewhat more than its entire width, to the south, where it began to wear into the rock. This went on until a deep ravine, the present road, was formed; and when the cliffs became sufficiently high or deep, a further set of excavations, as dwelling-houses, were made on either side. Forty years ago, when I first visited this spot, it existed as a nearly perfect rock-hewn village, tenanted by a colony of poor, who mainly obtained their livelihood by making besoms and brooms from the heather of the adjoining forest. With the exception of one dwelling, they are

now in ruins; but as a sunken way of pronounced type and picturesque detail, it has possibly no rival. A good drawing of two of these rock houses, skirting the sunk or hollow way, is given in W. Horner Groves' "History of Mansfield," facing page 112.

Chester, at the English Conquest, must have presented itself as a ruined city, with portions of its Roman walls left standing, a waste, through which, at right angles, pointing to the four gates, were the sunken ways. Like other ancient forts more or less in ruins, it was seized upon by a village community owing fealty to some lord of the soil, whose manor, consisting of arable and pasture lands, etc., extended some distance beyond the line of the protecting walls. In this haven they marked out their toftsteads—narrow strips of land at right angles to, and abutting on, the old highways. Here they built their cottages on the lines of the pre-existing sunken ways, leaving causeways in the front, now the footways of the rowes, in the front of which they constructed stairs in the sloping banks to connect the two levels. Here and there they made sloping ways, of easy gradient, for their carts, ploughs, cattle, etc., to ascend to the high levels,

and enter at the rear of their toftsteads. These largely exist to-day as the cross streets. The earliest constructions were of timber, covered with thatch, and one storey in height, with gables to the main streets. From a village it developed into a meeting-place of the district, the site of a market, the residence of artificers, the seat of law, etc., into an English town. The agricultural interest would thus be largely ousted,* and the primitive cottages would pass into the hands of the trading class, to be rebuilt with chambers more or less projecting over the causeways. This movement would develop into the whole of the houses having chambers carried over the full breadth of the causeways, and supported on lines of pillars. The lords of these properties would own the slopes between the levels of the roads and causeways, then partly occupied by stairs. As space became valuable, they would be utilized as cellars or store places, and the chambers would

* Ormerod's plan or map of the city shows that at some early time there was a general exodus of the agricultural or farming class from within the lines of the walls, and that they largely planted themselves on the north side of Foregate Street and Foregate Barrs, where we find a long frontage of deep land carved up into narrow strips or toftsteads, the north line or boundary of which is parallel with the main street. A similar arrangement is seen on the east side of Upper Northgate Street. These have all the appearance of a great movement carried out at one and the same time.

be brought still further out from the causeway line on the top of the slopes to the roadway line at the bottom, *i.e.*, to the nett width of the street. The levels of the causeways would be extended over the cellars, and guard-rails would be fixed on the new or contracted line of street frontage; a second or outer causeway would be thus formed, broken only in its continuity by the pre-existing stairs. The detail of third storeys would develop, and the quaint old city in this form would be handed down to our time. Miss Celia Fiennes, in her "Through England on a side-saddle in the time of William and Mary," pictures the sunken streets as being lined with warehouses extending under the rowes. These in our time have blossomed into shops, and half the pedestrians are now found in the low, level streets which, in old times, were given up to wains, carts, and packhorses. The late Professor Ed. A. Freeman, in his "History of the Norman Conquest," vol. iv., page 313, informs us that during the Danish wars, the city was desolated and uninhabited. This could only be temporary, the result of opposition to the invading forces at an important point, a reverse it would soon overcome, and one it did overcome,

for it was a great and flourishing city in Edward the Confessor's time, soon after which it offered opposition to, and was desolated by, William the Conqueror, to, phœnix-like, rise from its ashes as "the ancient city of the west."

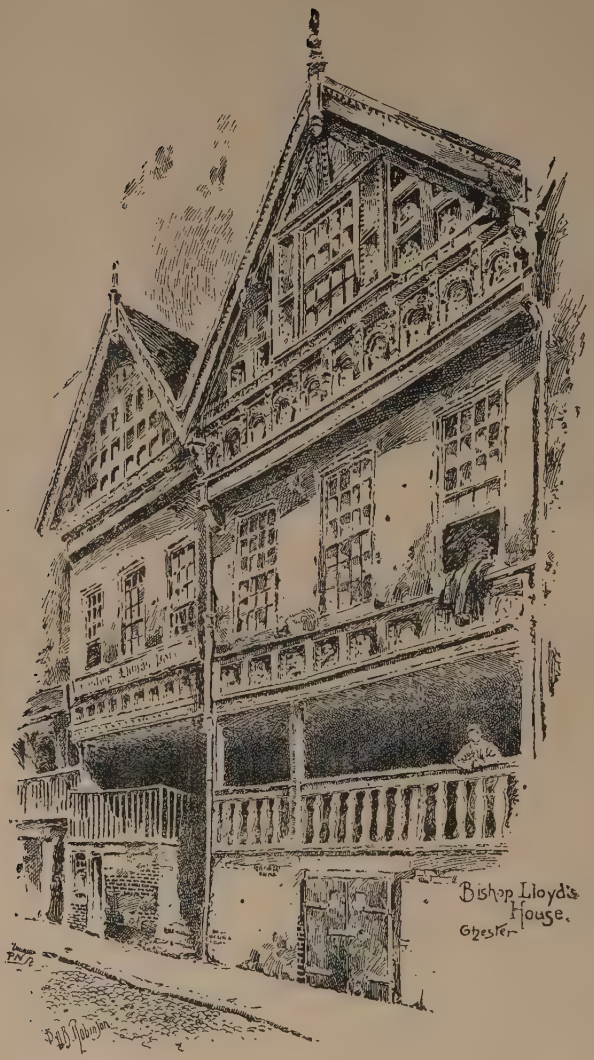
Old Chester Houses.

By William Harrison.

AMONG the many features which make the ancient city of Chester so dear to the art lover and antiquary, none surpass in interest and attractiveness the picturesque timbered and gabled houses which adorn her streets.

In making a tour in quest of these antique dwellings, fragrant with memories of days long gone by, we turn first into Watergate Street, which, in the old days of Chester's prosperity as a port, was busy with traffic to and from her quays, and contained the stores in which her merchandise was housed, and, often in the same buildings, the dwellings of the merchants.

Foremost among the old houses, from its profusion of ornament and grotesque carving, is the one known as Bishop Lloyd's House, so called because believed to have been the residence of that prelate. Successively rector of Thornton and Bangor, and Bishop of Man, Bishop Lloyd was translated in 1605 to Chester, where ten years later he died. Both the gabled houses


Bishop Lloyd's
House.
Chester

shewn in our illustration are believed to have been in his occupation as one residence. The one to the left has been unhappily despoiled of its carved panels, which were no doubt in harmony with those of its neighbour. The latter is a choice specimen of seventeenth century domestic architecture, profusely ornamented down to the level of the Row. The eight panels ranged between the three first floor windows are elaborately carved. In the centre are three panels occupied severally by the arms of King James the First, the supposed arms of the Bishop, and a Latin inscription with the date 1615, being that of the Bishop's death. The rest are scriptural subjects: on the left Adam and Eve in Paradise, Cain slaying Abel, and Abraham offering Isaac; on the right what are believed to represent the Immaculate Conception and one aspect of the Crucifixion, though the point has not been free from controversy. The upper part of the front of the house is also richly decorated, and the pillars and brackets supporting the Row are grotesquely carved with men and beasts indescribable. In the interior of the house there is also a considerable quantity of carved work on ceilings and over fireplaces.

On the same side of Watergate Street, but nearer the Cross, stands another gabled black and white timbered building, known as "God's Providence House," a name which has been adopted as the title of one of Mrs. Linnæus Banks' novels. Here we have to deal with a restoration, the original house having been pulled down and reconstructed in 1862, a fact which is honestly admitted in the inscription over the lower window. The restoration was, however, effected with reverential care, the old oak being used, and the ornamental panels being, where not the identical ones in the original house, at least careful reproductions. The armorial bearings carved on one of the beams indicate that the house was once the residence of a family of position. The legend on the cross-beam, "God's Providence is Mine Inheritance," with the date (1652), traditionally commemorates the escape of the occupier, almost alone amongst his neighbours, from the ravages of the plague which desolated the city in that year.

Nearer the end of Watergate Street, on the same side, but visible only by passing through a low narrow court below the north end of Nicholas Street, is what is known as the Derby House or

Gods Providence House nr Chester

Stanley Palace, an elaborately carved house of three gables, which boasts of being the oldest of the ancient mansions of any pretensions still remaining in Chester. The date of its erection, 1591, is carved on the front. This house was once the city residence of the Earls of Derby, and its gardens extended down to the city walls, close by the Watergate, of which the earl for the time being was custodian. The front presents the familiar features of English domestic architecture of the period, though there are some indications in the details of the transition to the Italian style. The original oaken floors and panelled walls and massive staircase are still to be found in the interior. In 1867 the house was offered for sale, and there being a risk of purchase by eager Americans, with a view to its deportation and re-erection in their own country, the late Mr. Thomas Hughes, F.S.A., of Chester, stepped into the breach, and made the purchase himself, afterwards, however, resigning it to the Chester Archæological Society on their making arrangements to secure the retention and preservation of the house. Within recent years it has been sold to the Earl of Derby, and has thus again come into the possession of the family to whom it owes its origin.

Stanley Palace
Chester

Other notable houses in Watergate Street are the one opposite the bottom of Goss Street, which has some grotesque carving, and the Yacht Inn on the south side of the street opposite Trinity Church, a fine gabled hostelry, once the leading inn of the city, and the place where Dean Swift revenged himself on the unsociable cathedral dignitaries by scratching on the window the contemptuous lines :—

> "Rotten without, and mouldering within,
> This place and its clergy are all near akin!"

The other most notable old houses in Chester are in Bridge Street, which leads to the South or Bridge Gate. Close to the Gate on the west side of the street is the "Bear and Billet" Inn, an exceedingly fine specimen of seventeenth century architecture, the whole front being covered with rich carving and decoration. It was originally the property of the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, who held the hereditary office of Serjeant of the Bridge Gate, and who, after it became an inn, reserved a suite of rooms for their use when visiting Chester. On the upper story may be seen the folding doors of the granary in which the corn and other provisions of the family were stored.

Next adjoining to the "Bear and Billet," and making with it an artistic *ensemble*, is the "Edgar Tavern," a curious timber structure of the time of Charles the First, having frontages to both Bridge Street and Shipgate Street. It is now undergoing restoration.

The Old King's Head at Chester.

On the same side of Bridge Street, but higher up, and nearly opposite the Lecture Hall, is the "Falcon," another quaint relic, dating back to Tudor times, portions of it indeed being of still

earlier date. The most noticeable features are the arched stone doorway, leading up to the stairs, and the overhanging of the successive storeys, each beyond the other.

On the easterly side of Bridge Street, near the top, concealed behind a modern front of brick, is the house with quaint panelled ceilings, formerly used as a tavern, and called the "Blue Posts." It was a well known hostelry in the sixteenth century, and was the scene of a traditionary story about Dr. Cole, Dean of St. Paul's in the reign of Mary.

Another ancient inn is the "King's Head," at the corner of Castle Street, which still remains a beautiful example of Elizabethan architecture, the exterior being very perfect.

In Commonhall Street are some old almshouses, the remains of the Hospital of St. Ursula, founded for "decayed persons" by Sir Thomas Smith in 1532.

By the citizens of Chester these old houses, full of the aroma of antiquity, are treasured as a precious inheritance from the past. Long may they be preserved for the delight and instruction of succeeding generations!

The Dee Mills and the "Miller of the Dee."

By T. Cann Hughes, M.A.

THERE would seem to have been from time immemorial one mill on the river Dee, which was situated above the bridge, and this was apparently vested in the earliest Earl of Chester, Hugh Lupus. This earl granted by his charter of 1093 (fully recited in a later confirmation preserved at Eaton Hall) a place for a mill to the Abbot of St. Werburgh's Abbey this side the bridge. These mills are recorded to have been existing in 1119. The son of Hugh Lupus, Richard, added to his father's grant the tithe of his mill above the bridge, and a mill at Bache. In 1232 John Scott (then Earl of Chester) granted to the Abbey further privileges, which Canon Morris tells us in his recent learned work on "Chester in the Plantagenet and Tudor Reigns" (to which the present writer is largely indebted) seem to imply that new mills had been erected. This is also referred to by Lysons, in

his "History of Cheshire," on the authority of the Harleian MSS. In 1283 the mills and the fishery of the Dee were leased for twelve years, at a rent of £200, to Richard, the eminent engineer. Richard seems to have been dissatisfied with his bargain, for in 1288 the King directed his justiciary, Reginald de Grey, to inquire into the losses which Richard had sustained by serving the King at Caernarvon and Rhuddlan, and elsewhere. Under his lease Richard was not to be liable for repairs in case the mills were destroyed by war or fire, or the bridge or causeway were carried away by a flood. The judge found that the walls of the mills had been destroyed, and that the causeway had been washed away, and grinding operations suspended for nearly three months. For these injuries he was granted £54 as compensation. Having secured his quota for damages, Richard would appear to have continued to hold his own against all intruders, for in 1289 he was indicted for seizing and carrying off to Chester Castle a cart containing bread, purchased by William Fox at Warwick for sale in Chester, but got off on the ground that such sale would be prejudicial to his rights as the lessee of the Dee Mills. Several

subsequent leases were made at increased rentals, once as high as £243 6s. 8d.

The number and locality of mills appear to have differed from time to time. In 1292 five mills were repaired. In the time of James I. there were eleven, three being fulling mills leased to the Clothworkers' Company, at a rent of £11, and employing three hundred hands; six corn mills; and two water mills erected by John Tyrer, for giving the city a water supply. The old Dee Bridge must have presented a busy scene when all these were in full operation.

Amongst the lessees of the mills one or two are worthy of note. Edward the Black Prince (says Pennant) granted them for life to Sir Howell y Fwyall as a reward for the bravery exhibited by that doughty knight in the Battle of Poictiers. One of the former parsons of St. Peter's Church, at the High Cross in Chester (Robert de Bredon) held them for some long period, presumably from 1347 to 1374. The nuns of St. Mary's, hard by, were allowed to grind their corn free at the mills, and had the privilege of being served before all other comers. In the reign of Richard II. the Dominican friars were "hopper free" at these mills.

Many were the squabbles and fights over these privileges—the Abbot against the Earl, as in later years it was the Abbot against the City. Men fought and died in their struggles against the undue hardships of the owners of the privileges.

A document of the time of James I. tells how there were (besides the head miller) three yeomen and three servants, and a page-boy, all of whom had the privilege of taking toll in kind from the corn brought to them to be ground.

The Justice of Chester held a court at the mills, where all these grievances were considered, and fines imposed.

The mills were once the property of the Gamul family, famous in the history of Chester City and its siege. In the seventeenth century efforts were made by owners of lands up the Dee, which were flooded, to get the causeway removed, but after long lawsuits the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and the Lord Chief Baron decreed that the Commissioners of Sewers had no power to pull it down.

Several original drawings of the mills exist from the pencils of George Pickering, John Musgrove, and Thomas Bailey, and are in the possession of the present writer.

Fire has three times destroyed these mills: first, on 26th September, 1789; secondly, a little before midnight on 6th March, 1819, when one life was lost, and damage done to the extent of £40,000; thirdly, on 6th January, 1847, while

THE MILL OF THE JOLLY MILLER OF THE DEE.

the annual Infirmary Ball was being held in the rooms of the Albion Hotel, close by.

So much for the mills, and now a few words as to their "miller," famed as long as English song lasts as one who should say:—

"I care for nobody, no not I,
And nobody cares for me."

Efforts have been made to claim these lines for the Scotch Dees, but Cestrians firmly believe that this only tells of their own miller, always a man of valour in their eyes thereby. Two Cheshire proverbs have grown round the miller. One relates to Peter Wood, an old mayor of Chester, whose daughter was carried off by her lover through Pepper Gate while playing tennis with her maidens. The proverb says: "Peter Wood, Church and Mills are all his."

The second proverb, used of a spendthrift, warns him: "If thou hadst the rent of Dee Mills thou wouldst spend it," proving the great value of this holding before the water of Dee sunk to its present low level.

Much more might be written of the mediæval quarrels about these mills, but space forbids.

On 10th April, 1895, the Chester Corporation determined to purchase the Dee Mills and their privileges for £7,000. What the future of the old mills may be, remains to be seen.

Hugh Lupus, first Earl of Chester.

By James L. Thornely.

IN analysing the various elements of which the English character is composed, a very high value should be set upon the portion contributed by the Norman conquerors.

To the sterling worth, honesty, piety, and good sense of the Anglo-Saxons, and the dauntless valour of the Danes, they brought the leaven of intellectual subtlety, resource of brain, versatility of genius, as well as imaginative power.

These qualities were further from the surface than others which they possessed in equal measure —ambition, courage, and a love of glory; but when the Norman rule had become an accepted fact, and conquerors and conquered had begun insensibly to blend into one race, these rarer qualities gradually came to light.

Whatever his virtues and vices, none will deny that William the Conqueror was a man, and that he won for himself a right to the place he seized as King of England. He possessed in no slight degree those qualifications for the part

of ruler of men, which Carlyle has done so much by his writings to emphasize and to illustrate. And, as often,—nay, generally—happens, the leader's following were like him : imbued with the same spirit and purpose, sworn followers of the same ideal. Rude, and headstrong, and cruel, there was, nevertheless, something in these colossal rough-hewn Norman barons which excites our admiration even in this "so-called nineteenth century." There was ore in them, which promised, under the refiner's hand, to yield metal pure and true. Of William's followers, individually, it is true, we know little. Their deeds, such as have reached us in the crabbed Latinity of the monks, are for the most part mere feats of war, bloody and cruel; their virtues soared no higher than those of fidelity to their lord, and liberality to the Church. But we cannot but feel that it is the fault of the chronicler and the biographer that we lack many brighter and more pleasing reminiscences.

What a sense of vague size, Titanic majesty, and power, is awakened by the bare mention of the names of King William's companions,—his counts. The wood-cutter's son, Ivo Taillebois; William Peveril, who received for his guerdon

the Peak of Derbyshire; Roger of Poictou, to whom were given the lands between Ribble and Mersey, which, as yet, had no more definite appellation, and, prominent among this company, Hugh Lupus, the Earl of Chester.

He is always called the first Earl, and is looked to as the *fons et origo*, or at least as the official ancestor of that long line of Cestrian Earls whose present representative is H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

There had, however, been one Gerbod, or Guerbod, a Fleming, who bore the title in the early days of the Conqueror, but when, in the year 1071, he left the country, his title seems to have lapsed; and it was then that the King bestowed upon his nephew, Hugh, the Earldom of Chester, with all the powers and privileges of a palatinate, to be held by him and his heirs according to the old law-jargon of the charter, "ita libere ad gladium sicut ipse Rex totam tenebat Angliam ad coronam," which we take to mean that, under the symbol of his sword, the Earl was to have as full and extensive powers of sovereignty within the county of Chester, as the King, by virtue of his crown, possessed over the realm of England.

Hugh's father was Richard, Viscount of Avranches; his grandfather, Thurstan Goz, Lord of Hiesmes; his great-grandfather was a Dane, named Ausfrid. Thurstan had taken part with Henry, King of France, against Duke William of Normandy in 1040, but his son Richard, who remained loyal, succeeded, when the war was over, in making his father's peace with his liege lord. The Duke naturally showed much favour to Viscount Richard, and extended the same regard to his son, who happened, moreover, to be a nephew of his own.

By the time that the Norman invasion was ripe for execution, Hugh d'Avranches had succeeded to his father's title, and was one of the Duke's most valued councillors. He contributed no less than 60 ships to the fleet which brought over the Norman army. No doubt he bore his part in the battle of Hastings, but of this there is no record.

As soon as William had assumed the sovereignty of England, he parcelled out his realm among his *comites* in no niggardly manner; to Hugh, his nephew, (some years later) as has been seen, he gave the Earldom of Chester, making the county a palatinate, and giving the

Earl *jura regalia* over all lands within its confines, except such as at the time belonged to the Bishop of Chester.

And here, a word in explanation of that euphonious, but perhaps rarely understood phrase, a "county palatine," may not be superfluous. A county palatine is, in effect, a petty kingdom carved out of the realm in which it is situated. Its owner enjoys, in all but the word, regal power (*regalem potestatem in omnibus*, as Bracton expresses it), and regards his king as a suzerain merely.

Within his jurisdiction the Lord Palatine may pardon treasons, murders, and felonies, and appoint all judges and justices of the peace. All writs and indictments run in his name, instead of in the king's, and all offences are said to be done against his peace, and not, as in other places, "against the peace of our sovereign lord the king."

The reason for giving these extensive powers to a subject will appear from a consideration of the localities where the practice has been adopted.

Leaving aside Lancashire, which was only made a County Palatine as late as the reign of Edward III., and for special reasons of state, it

will be found that all the counties palatine were border counties. Durham and the extinct palatinate of Hexhamshire, on the Scottish; Chester and the extinct palatinate of Pembrokeshire on the Welsh Marches. Motives of policy suggested the formation of these palatinates; the fear being lest, with the view to seeking justice in the capital, or upon any other pretext, the men of the county might absent themselves from it, and so leave the frontiers of the kingdom more exposed to the incursions of the enemy.

That such incursions were the subject of no empty fear, is seen from the savage attacks made by the Welshmen whenever the absence of the Earl of Chester, or any other circumstance, appeared to favour them. On one occasion they took advantage of his temporary absence in Normandy to ravage the country and sack the towns—an insult which he afterwards repaid with usury.

If we may credit an old Cheshire historian, Hugh was a man of "most excellent parts for rule and government, both in war and peace, and by his princely carriage obtained great honour and dignity, as well in the affairs of the kingdom

in general, as also in the government of his own province and earldom."

Among the most kingly of his privileges was that of creating barons of his palatinate, who, together with the superior clergy of the shire, constituted the Earl's council.

In King's "Vale Royal" (published in 1656) is an engraving representing Hugh Lupus presiding over his Parliament. The picture presents a lofty hall supported upon pillars, and having pointed windows along either side. At the end of this court, upon a dais, the Earl is seen sitting beneath a canopy, upon which is his coat of arms (*azure*, a wolf's head erased *argent*) surmounted by an earl's coronet. He appears to hold in his hand a scroll or baton. On the Earl's right stands a lord or gentleman holding upright a naked sword: upon his left is another, who, clad in a herald's coat bearing the wolf's head as before, holds a wand. Down the right side of the hall are ranged the abbots of the county, four in number, each wearing his mitre, and having, on the wall above him, the armorial bearings of his house. Facing them, and with their backs against the opposite wall, are the barons, also four in number, wearing richly-furred robes and caps, and each

sitting beneath his shield of arms. Some distance in front of the Earl, sits a clerk at a table, and in the foreground, outside the bar of the court, stand a group of suitors and spectators.

Endowed with virtually supreme power in the north-west of the kingdom, it is not surprising that Hugh d'Avranches should have displayed the unbridled licence of a despot. He was cruel, licentious, and prodigal,—yet was not without redeeming qualities. In the largest extent of the phrase, a *bon vivant*,—as why should he not be, whose pleasure there was none to gainsay, save those rascally Welshmen over the border?—Hugh quaffed his cup of this world's happiness in heavy draughts. Ordericus Vitalis speaks thus of his lavish expenditure:—"He was not abundantly liberal, but profusely prodigal, and carried not so much a family as an army still along with him. He took no account either of his receipts or disbursements: he daily wasted his estate, and delighted more in falcons and huntsmen than in the tillers of his land, or Heaven's orators, the ministers. He was given much to his belly, whereby in time he grew so fat that he could scarce crawl."

Poor Hugh's corpulency was destined to cling to his memory, in the guise of an appellative, long after his well-stuffed body had passed into dust.

To the Welsh he was known as "Hugh Vras" (Hugh the Fat), or "Hugh Dirgane" (the gross); to others, on account of his ferocious disposition when things went awry with him, he was "Hugh Lupus," the Wolf,—not usually considered as a corpulent so much as a hungry animal.

It is probable that in that fertile land of Cheshire, with its woods and hills and plains, amid his hunting and hawking parties, he was popular enough with his barons and lesser tenantry; while his interest in the welfare of his province and of the kingdom at large seems to have been sincere and devoted.

Placed there, upon the Western Marches, with his *jura regalia*, and so forth, the Earl's mission in life—his political *raison d'être*, so to speak—was to repel, and at times to invade, and, if it might be, exterminate the Welsh. Ably seconded by Robert of Rhuddlan, and his own baron, Robert of Malpas, he carried fire and sword into the northern districts of the Principality, ravaging as far as Anglesey, where, as a defensive measure,

he built the castle of Aberlleiniog, upon the eastern coast of the island.

When the first William died, his son Rufus owed a large debt of gratitude to the powerful support of Earl Hugh and others, without whose aid he could scarcely have retained the crown. When Odo, Earl of Kent, Eustace, Earl of Boleyn, Robert de Belesme, and other powerful chiefs, were fighting in support of the claims of Robert Curthose, the King's elder brother, Hugh Lupus was entrusted with the important castle of St. James, a fortress commanding the Norman frontier, of which his father, Richard d'Avranches, had formerly been seneschal. Five years before, Hugh had agreed to accompany Odo upon an expedition to Italy, but the scheme was dropped.

The Red King probably knew the value of his support, and summoned him to accompany Prince Henry to Eu, where he himself then was. They returned to London, however, to spend Christmas. During Hugh's absence, "the high and haughty stomachs of the Welchmen" prompted them to make a raid into the Palatinate.

In 1098, when he had leisure, Hugh Vras, in conjunction with Hugh, Earl of Shrewsbury, for

whom the fertile wit of the enemy had found the nickname of Hugh Gogh (Hugh the Red), took reprisals. An expedition was organised against the Welsh, and a terrible vengeance was taken, all who fell into the power of the Norman barons being visited with atrocious punishments, the particulars of which are to be met with in the chronicles of the monks.

"More than a century and a half later it was commonly believed that the Earl of Chester kennelled his hounds for a night in the church of St. Tyfrydog, and the next morning found them all mad. When the fleet of Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, appeared off the island, the Earls led a large force to prevent the Northmen from landing. The Earl of Shrewsbury was slain, and Magnus made his peace with the Earl of Chester, declaring that he meant no harm to England, and had come to take possession of the islands which had belonged to him." *(Dictionary of National Biography).*

The Earl of Chester was again in Normandy when the news of William II.'s death reached him. Old as he was, he at once crossed to England, and gave his adherence and support

to Henry Beauclerc, whom, during the scanty residue of his life, he faithfully served.

But to come to a pleasanter aspect of the great Norman's character, we shall see that he was not wholly neglectful of "Heaven's orators, the ministers." On the contrary, accepting with eagerness the comfortable doctrine of those days, that charity covers a multitude of sins, Lupus made large grants of land, and spent much money in the founding and endowment of churches and monastic houses.

To one who not only owned the county of Chester, but held wide possessions in nineteen shires beside, this was perhaps no great sacrifice; but let him not lack his meed of praise for this.

He gave certain lands in Oxfordshire to the monastery of Abingdon. He also gave lands at Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast, to the prior of the monastery which William de Percy had founded. The abbey of St. Severus, in the diocese of Constance, in Normandy, owned him as its founder.

But the scheme upon which the Earl's heart was set, was the establishment within his walled city of Chester of a monastery of regular monks. We are told that his chaplain was a holy man,

and both Hugh and his Countess, Ermentrude, daughter of Hugh de Clarimont, Count of Beauvoys, were by no means indifferent to religion. Both entertained a sincere respect and reverence for the prior of the abbey of Bec, in Hugh's own Norman province of Avranches. Following in the footsteps of his great predecessor in that institution, Lanfranc, Anselm had succeeded to his office of prior, and Hugh no doubt was well aware of his fitness for monastic rule.

To enlist the support of such a man for his scheme seemed to be to ensure its success, and he sent over an urgent request to his friend, the prior, to visit him in Chester, and give him his help. Perhaps it was the severe illness from which he was then suffering which made the Earl the more anxious to see his project carried out. But Anselm was unwilling to come: with that obstinacy which was so marked a characteristic with him, he withstood the entreaties of the Earl and other nobles, until the third appeal. He then gave way, and while staying with the Earl, and in collaboration with him, he ejected the secular canons of St. Werburgh's foundation in Chester, and set up an establishment of

Benedictine monks from his abbey of Bec, and consented that his own chaplain should be their first abbot.

It was probably due to the praises of Earl Hugh, that the Red King, who, as a rule, like Gallio, "cared for none of these things," but was just then seized with an attack of illness, complicated by religious fear and remorse (a not uncommon diagnosis in those days), sent for Anselm, and begged him to fill the vacant primacy, whose revenues he had been greedily appropriating for some time past. Anselm's stubborn refusal, and the coercion employed to overcome it, are matters of history.

In the second year of Henry I., the Earl of Chester died, full of years, and (in a certain sense) of honour, having under pressure of superstitious fear, a few days before his death, assumed the Benedictine habit, at his own monastery of St. Werburgh's. "Interea," says Ordericus, "Hugo, Comes Cestriae in lectum decidit et post diuturnum languorem monachatum in cœnobio quod idem Cestriae construxerat, suscepit: atque post triduum sexto calendas Augusti obiit."

So we must leave the great baron, at whose very name the Welshmen used to tremble, whose

household resembled an army, and whose word was law throughout the north-west of England, no longer filling that fair round belly of his with good capons, but shivering in his Benedictine robe and cowl, and clinging to the hope that his short span of monastic life (*triduum* only, alas!) might avert from his soul some of the penalties which his stormy life had earned. With what a secret satisfaction do those pale cloistered monks record the death-bed scenes of the feudal lords of the land!

His body was interred in the abbey cemetery, but was afterwards removed to the Chapter-House by Randle Meschines.

Pennant relates the supposed discovery of the Earl's body in this Chapter-House, but Ormerod throws doubt upon the story. In 1724, according to Pennant, in digging within the Chapter-House, the remains of Hugh Lupus "were found in a stone coffin, wrapt in gilt leather, with a cross on the breast, and at the head of the coffin a stone in the shape of a T, with the wolf's head, in allusion to his name, engraved on it. Immediately over his head was a singular covering made of paper, nicely platted so as to form most elegant little squares of black and white."

Ormerod remarks upon this, that "the fact of the body being Hugh Lupus's is extremely doubtful. The stone mentioned is kept in the chapter-house. The initials are clearly S.R., and the wolf's head corresponds in style of carving with a similar one introduced by Simon Ripley on the tower of Scrighton Manor house."

By his wife, Ermentrude, the Earl had but one child, Richard, who succeeded him as second Earl of Chester. The names of four natural children have been preserved. Of these, Robert was made by his father a monk of Utica, and subsequently became Abbot of St. Edmondsbury; Ottiwél was (according to Hollingshed) tutor to King Henry I.'s children, or, as King prefers to term it, their "playfellow;" a third son was Philip. There was a daughter, too, named Geva, or at least she was called daughter, says King, "because of the civility of those ages."

Such, in rough outline—for our materials admit of no more,—was Hugh Lupus, the first Earl of Chester. Whatever may have been his private virtues or vices, it must be acknowledged that he is entitled to a place in the history of our country. For by the strength of his right arm he had a large share in making that history, in shaping the

destinies of the English people. Apart, too, from his individuality, Hugh Lupus affords an interesting subject for study, taken as a type or representative of the powerful baron of the Norman Dynasty, the *comes*, the satrap, upon whose goodwill and fidelity the king had so largely to depend.

To inhabitants of the palatinate county of Chester his biography must have an additional and a peculiar interest.

The Plague in Cheshire.

By William E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L.

THE many visitations of pestilence by which England suffered in the middle ages have left their mark on the local annals, although there are still lacking many details which the antiquary would gladly possess. There can be no doubt that Cheshire shared in the demoralisation and depopulation caused by the Black Death, which, in the whole of Europe, is estimated to have destroyed twenty-five million persons. Dr. Gasquet has shewn how great was the mortality among the clergy in 1349. Thus in the archdeaconry of Chester there were thirty institutions in four months, whilst the total number of benefices was about seventy. In the manor of Bucklow, in 1350, there were 215 acres of land lying vacant for which there were no tenants to be had because of the pestilence. The rent of a garden was set down at 12d., because "there was no one to buy the produce." Forty-

six tenants had been killed by the Black Death, and thirty-four were in arrears, and one-third of the rent on the estate was remitted.

In 1507 Chester was visited by the "sweating sickness" which caused the death of ninety-one householders, and in 1517, what is believed to have been the "true plague," caused so much devastation that for want of trading "the grass did grow a foot high at the Cross." The sweating sickness of 1551 also troubled Chester. The disease was equally swift and fatal, so that some died in the opening of their windows, and others when playing with their children at the street doors. One or two hours sufficed for the work of the pestilence, "and at the longest to them that merrily dined, it gave a sorrowful supper," to use Dr. Caius's phrase. The plague visited Chester again in 1558-9, when "few died, but many fled to escape." In 1574, when the plague broke out in Chester, the mayor, Sir John Savage, and his brethren the aldermen, issued various regulations. The infected houses were to be inscribed "Lord have mercy upon us;" neither plague-stricken persons, "or any others who shall be of their company," were to leave their abode without licence from the alderman

of the ward; they were to carry in their hands a token that they were infected; they were not to go forth in the night time; the night watch kept by the inhabitants was to be continued, and all night walkers and suspected persons were to be apprehended; restrictions were placed on swine keeping; dung and filth were not to be cast within the city limits; no merchandise was to be allowed to come into Chester until the packages had been opened and aired outside the walls; and dogs were to be kept in the houses, and not allowed abroad. It was a common plan to surround the plague-stricken house with a wooden fence or palisade. But these and other regulations were perhaps more stringent on paper than in reality. Thus we have a complaint from some inhabitants of Pepper Street, who declare that the plague-stricken persons do not observe the regulations made by the Corporation, "to the great danger and peril, not only of your orators and their families, being in number twenty, but also of the rest of the said city, who by the sufferance of God, and of his gracious goodness, are clear and safe from any infection of the said disease."

At Northwich, in 1576, the house of Philip Antrobus was plague-stricken, and most of the inmates died. The household linen, valued at 13s. 4d., was thrown into the river to prevent its further use. Sixteen years later there was a lawsuit arising out of this accident, in the form of a claim for compensation.

In September, 1603, the plague broke out at Glover's, in St. John's Lane, Chester, and seven died in the house. The pestilence increased, until sixty persons died weekly, and the Michaelmas fair had to be abandoned. Cabins were erected at the waterside, near the New Tower, and the plague-stricken people were conveyed there, and maintained at the cost of the city. Macclesfield and Congleton also suffered at this time. At Nantwich, in 1604, 430 people died of all diseases, but chiefly of the plague, which lasted for six months. The pestilence was brought from Chester. A county rate was levied for the relief of Nantwich and Northwich "infected of the plague." In the following year, owing to the pestilence at Chester, the Court of Exchequer was removed to Tarwin, and the Assizes to Nantwich. The visitation included Stockport

and Macclesfield. In 1608, and again in 1610, the plague was at Chester.

At Malpas, in 1625, there was a virulent outbreak. Ralph Dawson, of Bradley, is thought to have brought the infection from London at the end of July. He died, and his father, Thomas, died August 15th. Thomas's wife and daughter died August 20th. His brother Richard, feeling that his end was near, made his own grave, and caused his nephew to put straw into it. Then the sick man lay down in the grave, was covered over with clothes, and so died. "This he did," we are told in the parish register, "because he was a strong man, and heavier than his said nephew and another wench were able to bury."

The plague visited Congleton in December, 1641. The infection is said to have been conveyed in a box of clothes that came from London. It was two years before the pestilence was entirely stayed. At the same time the town was suffering from hardships brought about by the Civil War and other causes. Cabins were erected for the isolation of the plague-stricken, and sundry sums paid to "Lancashire Bess," or "Little Bess," bring before us the pathetic

figure of a brave woman who remained as a nurse at her post of peril during this awful period.

On the hills near the Macclesfield crosses there are several gravestones, which are said to mark the resting-place of persons who died of the plague in 1646. In that year Chester suffered from siege and famine, and in 1647 was visited by the plague. Between 22 June, 1647, and 20 April, 1648, there were 2,099 deaths. Trade was at a standstill, and cabins were erected for the plague-stricken people. The pestilence was again at Chester in 1654, and also at Tarvin.

Cheshire had a share of the plague almost until its disappearance from England in the great plague of London in 1666. There is a gravestone on Lindow Common with the inscription, "E.S. 1665." The parish register, under date July 17th, reveals the name as that of E. Stonaw, buried "at her own house, she being suspected to dye of the plague, shee but coming home the day before."

Sanitary science is still far from perfection, and the rules of health are far from being well observed in the present century, but the disappearance of the frightful outbreaks of plague,

which so often ravaged the population and destroyed for the time the trades and industry of the towns of the Mediæval, Tudor, and Stuart periods, is a significant fact, and one from which we may safely conclude that in this matter at least we are better than our fathers.

Ancient Eddisbury.

By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks.

THIS is an age of contrasts, of wanton destruction, and careful conservation, of imaginative flights into futurity, and antiquarian research into the far past, telescopic science boldly reaching up to the last leaf of the tree of knowledge, patient archæology digging down to its roots to discover whence it sprang. Commercial men, and financiers, recklessly sacrificing everything to utility, ruthlessly sweep down the records and monuments of bygone history, and would destroy the sphynx or pyramids to erect a factory, or construct a railway ; while other men, like Sir John Lubbock, rise up to protest against the spoliation of our ancient monuments, and the levelling of tumuli such as Silbury Hill.

Here and there in every quarter of the globe, the explorer is digging up and unearthing tokens of civilization anterior to our own, of which no memory has been preserved : so showing how cities

and peoples may pass away, and others rise upon their sites utterly unaware of the tragic history under foot. Thus it is that Leo Grindon, the learned author of *The Manchester Flora* and other cognate works, remarks in his *Country Rambles*, "Places like Eddisbury are to England what the sites of Nineveh and Palmyra are to the world. Standing upon their greensward, the memory of great things and greater people passes before the mind in long and animating procession. The once so great and powerful 'Queen of the East,' proud, chaste, literary Zenobia, was not nobler in her way than Saxon Ethelfleda. Thinking of her, pleasant it is to note how the little wild flowers—the milk-wort and the eyebright—the unchanged inheritors of the ground, are virtually just as she left them."

He then proceeds to say: "Not without interest, either, is the fact that from the name of the people or kingdom she ruled so well, comes that of our chief local river. The Mersey was the dividing line between Mercia and Northumbria, and of the former it preserves memorable tradition." Here I think Mr. Grindon has fallen into error, for the Roman was there before the Saxon, and the Latin Mer, to which the later

Saxon added the sey or sea, will have served to name the district Mercia—the land by the sea—for such the tidal river would be to them.

But it is as well that as he says "All the way up the stream till we get to the hill country, the topographical names further illustrate the ancient Saxon presence;" since recent explorers of the seven lows or mounds on which Ethelfleda's city is said to have been built, have, in digging, come upon pre-historic remains, but not on any Saxon, and consequently question the very existence of "storied Eddisbury." They forget that when the Dane swept over city or village it was as a wave of fire and blood; that the city would be built of timber from the forest, and sink to ashes in the ruthless conflagration.

All our older chroniclers agree that when King Alfred had driven the Danes out of Mercia, he gave his eldest daughter, Ethelfleda or Elfleda, in marriage to Ethelred, one of the old race of Mercian kings, and creating him Earl of Mercia, made him joint governor of the province with his wife—an appointment confirmed by his successor, King Edward.

Ethelred, of course, made the walled and fortified Roman city of Chester the seat of his

government, whence he could check the incursions alike of Irish pirates and Welsh armies.

But his wife, Ethelfleda, disheartened by the excessive pangs of parturition, at the birth of her daughter, Elswina, resolved never to risk a second ordeal, and without other cause or disagreement, separated from her husband, and with her followers created a city in the adjacent forest, selecting as a site the elevation marked out by the seven lowes, evidently the tumuli or fortifications of some earlier and extinct race. And this "city on a hill," which she is said to have ruled wisely and well, thus gained its name Eddisbury. She was a warlike queen, went to the aid of Ethelred in his wars against the Welsh and the Danes, and at his death assumed the sole government of Mercia; proving a powerful ally to her brother, King Edward, founding and fortifying towns to preserve them from the ubiquitous Danes. In 918 she took from them Derby; in 920, York and Leicester. She was still at war with the Danes when she died at Tamworth, in Staffordshire, and was carried for burial to the monastery of St. Peter, in Gloucester, which she and her husband had built.

Ingulphus, the monkish historian, says of her, "that, in respect to the cities she built, the castles she fortified, and the armies she managed, she might have been a man."

Yet modern antiquaries would strip from her mural crown the only gem which bears her name, because forsooth Eddisbury was built out of the material nearest her hand, the growing timber of the then dense forest, and has failed to survive, through six generations of Mercian rulers, the fierce onslaught of Canute and his Danes, and the neglect of his successors.

Yet it may be that the final devastator was William the Norman, of hunting proclivities, who had a faculty for clearing away towns and villages to create forest lands for the delectation of himself and his followers. And in Domesday Book, that infallible record of desolating waste, nothing of Eddisbury remains but the name. Let the historian be thankful for such small mercies, for names have tongues. Does not De-la-mere Forest proclaim its sponsors in Norman French? And is there not a smack of conquering savagery in the nomenclature of Hugh Lupus—Hugh the Wolf—that illegitimate son of Norman William, whom he set over the

shire and city of Chester as Count-Palatine, with kingly powers and jurisdiction?

It is a somewhat significant fact that Hugh Lupus appointed John Done, Chief Bowbearer and Forrester of his Forest of Delamere, with succession to his heirs in perpetuity, and in addition to his other rights and privileges anent the deer in the forest, the swarms of wild bees, the trees felled by the sharp-edged winds, and such small game as "foxes, heires, cattes, weesels, and other like vermyn," delegated powers over life and limb within its bounds, according to forest law (which made it felony for a mere resident in the forest to kill a deer), the grant being confirmed by the gift of a black bugle-horn, mounted and tipped with gold; and the lands within the *Pale* of Eddisbury for his "Chamber in the Forest."

There, on the site of Ethelfleda's city, he built his hall or chamber, served by ten keepers and two woodsmen, for whom four lodges were appointed. The area of the Pale was eleven acres, the lower, which comprised the Old Pale, being well wooded.

John Done's successors did not confine their services to the hunting-field, for, in the Wars

of the Roses, a Sir John Done fell fighting at the battle of Blore Heath, and we read that James the First confirmed to another Sir John Done the ancient grant made to his far-away ancestor. At a later date failure of male issue carried the office of Chief Forrester in a woman's hand, along with the Chamber in the Forest on "storied Eddisbury," to the family of the Kingsleys. And, still nearer to our own time, office and home and bugle-horn went with the distaff over to the Ardens, who, though in a newer Eddisbury Hall, still held the visible token of their rights in 1812, the old and real Chamber on the site of Ethelfleda's city being a mere ruin, not a vestige of which remains.

From this fact antiquaries incline to question its existence. But I think I can give proof positive of its existence.

My great-grandfather Bancroft was a felt-maker and furrier in Toad Lane, Manchester. At his death, his widow, Sarah Bancroft, carried on the business, although she removed to more commodious premises on Red Bank, where was room for manufacturing purposes in the rear. Rabbit skins were in request for the conversion of the fur into felt for hats. For these she had

large dealings with Lord Grosvenor's head-keeper at Eaton Hall, and with the Chief Forrester of Delamere, with whom, and his wife, she was on very friendly terms, generally staying there when on business, although she had a property at Waverham, a few miles away.

Taking my mother's eldest sister to school in Chester, they stopped at Eddisbury by the way, and after that my aunt frequently spent her holidays at the Forrester's. This would be about 1788-90, and so on. These visits made my aunt familiar with the forest, and the "forest house," as she called it, and from her I learned that it was "just a rambling old farm-house," as so many of the fine old black and white timbered halls of Cheshire have become. It was one of this description, and if very old then, no wonder that the storms of a century have left nothing for the antiquary to bind his faith to. That it was there, and in the occupation of the chief forrester, in the days of Sarah Bancroft, and my aunt Jane Daniel, there can be no question. I have used some of her anecdotes connected with the place in fiction, although related to me as fact, which is often stranger than fiction.

St. Peter's Chains: An Old Congleton Custom.

By Robert Head.

THE custom of ringing the chains, now obsolete for some hundreds of years, offers to the antiquary and every intelligent reader, much food for reflection. Observe the sketch accompanying this paper. Although the illustration is the produce of modern invention, the girth of bells or fetters is a true copy, made by a faithful and able pencil. And you must know that they are held, at the present day, with other relics, including the Scold's Bridle, in the safe custody of the Corporation; Mr. John Wilson, the late town clerk, to whom may be attributed the credit for much information ventilated by him bearing upon this and other kindred matters, having rescued them at a critical period of their existence.

It is necessary to glance at the ecclesiastical history of bygone Congleton. In the time of Henry VIII. there were two small churches

here, both of the usual black-and-white architecture. The one of least importance stood upon the bridge crossing the river Dane, which you pass over when leaving the town for Macclesfield. This, like other bridge chapels I have heard of, was used mostly as an oratory, with its licensed priest, for the devotion of travellers when leaving or coming into the town. Of its dedication name there is no trace; suffice it for my purpose to say that after the Reformation it fell into disuse, its subsequent fate being the haunt and works of several famous bell-founders. Of the other church, or as it was called, the "higher chappell," we know more of the history. The corporate rulers of Congleton in bygone days were men highly mindful of their own importance, and solicitous for the spiritual welfare of the burgesses. So it was that this higher chapel was founded by them, for themselves and the people, the mother church of St. Mary of Astbury being over a mile away. This half-timbered building, which gave place in 1740 to the present commodious church, was dedicated to Saint Peter *ad vincula*.

And now we begin to discern something suggestive of the origin of these chains or

fetters. Most people know what is meant by the "Wake," or "Feast of the Dedication of the Church." Ever since the hands of men have written the records of bygone times, the Wakes in our Cheshire towns have been shewn to us as having been the event *par excellence* of the whole year. For Congleton it meant the greatest bear baits and cock fights, and the largest consumption of ale and sack; and as a fitting sequel, the cruel brank, the humiliating stocks, and the ignominious cucking stool—the *raison d'etre* of those obsolete times—were called into conspicuous play. Our Congleton "Wake," the Feast of Saint Peter *ad vincula*, or Saint Peter in chains, is on the 12th day of August, notwithstanding the Saint Peter's Day of the English Church being the 29th day of June. This is accounted for by the fact that when the Roman Catholic Kalendar was enlarged, a second day, namely August the 1st, or Lammas Day, was set apart for commemorating the imprisonment and martyrdom of the apostle; and so continued until the time of George II., when a change of style was made, and the almanac put back twelve days: thus it is our "Wake" now begins on August the 12th.

At midnight of the vigil of this festival the Congleton chains were used. They consist, at the present time, of three broad leathern belts, bearing the marks of great age and many renovations, around which, on the outside, are a number of metal balls, or round bells, charged with rolling bullet clappers. Each belt carries different toned bells—two with seven in number, and one with five. The clangor caused by the least movement of the hand when holding them is at once loud and startling. The writer well remembers one dark and lonesome night he was carrying a set to his friend who made the sketch accompanying this paper, and the temptation to give the neighbours a scare by letting loose these tongues so long dumb was too great! The result was the hasty arrival of townsfolk, headed by the constables—we had only four in those days—and members of the fire brigade. But, kind reader, pray pardon this digression! As I have said, at midnight of the vigil these bells were used. Three acolytes, or subservient ministers of the church, with the belts strung over their shoulders, paraded the principal streets—now running and romping, shaking their leathern sashes, thereby meaning to represent the clanging of the chains

which bound the apostle, and calling the faithful to "wake up and pray." Thus reminded of their duty, and having assembled at the market cross, which, like the Plaistow-oak in White's "Selbourne," was the general rendezvous of the citizens, they were regaled with a pious homily from the reverend father attached to the church, as to how they should keep this the feast of their patron saint.

Coming to modern times their fate underwent a sad translation. *O tempora! O mores!* They lapsed into the possession of a family of chimney "sweeps," who, from father to son, for well nigh a hundred years, zealously guarded what they termed their hereditary right, perpetuating amid hideous rows and drunken fracas the annual perambulations of the borough. But so intolerable had this nuisance grown, that by the worthy effort of Mr. Wilson, some twenty years ago, the old things were seized by the town authorities, and are preserved as I have before stated.

A sceptic might choose to stamp a different complexion upon these mysterious relics, because, so far as I have been able to gather, the town of Congleton stood alone in its possession of this quaint custom. Still it must be an ingenious

hypothesis to reject what Congletonians for so many ages have been taught to believe. From generation to generation these bits of rusty iron have been handed down, clothed with the history I have described ; and which I trust may be considered worthy of Bygone Cheshire. Suffice it for me if thereby I have made their rescue from oblivion still more certain and secure.

Was Mary Fitton Shakespere's "Dark Lady?"

By William E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L.

WORDSWORTH declares that the sonnet was the key with which Shakespere unlocked his heart, and the feeling that these poems expressed some of the poet's personal moods, and had relation to passages of his life, is no doubt at the bottom of a great deal of the interest that is felt in them, and of the efforts made to bring to light the incidents to which they seem to make dark allusion. The obscure dedication of the sonnets to Mr. W. H. as their "only begetter" has been supposed to point either to Southampton or Pembroke, and the researches of Mr. Thomas Tyler and the Rev. W. A. Harrison have brought to light a curious incident in the life of the latter which gives some confirmation to his claim.*

* These suggestions depend upon the researches chiefly of Mr. Thomas Tyler and the Rev. W. A. Harrison. The following references may be useful, as some of the points here given briefly receive a more extended treatment:—*The Academy*, 8 March (T. Tyler), 22 March (T. Tyler), 19 April (T. Tyler), June 7 and 21 (report of Mr. Tyler's paper at the New Shakspere Society), 5 July

The Earl of Pembroke in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign was out of favour, and it has been conjectured that suspicion attached to his complicity with, or at least privity to, Essex's rebellion; but Mr. Thomas Tyler has found out another reason. Tobie Matthew writes to Dudley Carleton, March 25th, 1601, that "the Earl of Pembroke is committed to the Fleet: his cause is delivered of a boy who is dead." The puzzle as to the meaning of "*his cause*" is solved by another document in the Record Office. "One Mrs. Martin, who dwelt at the Cheppinge Knife, near Ludgate, tould me that she hath seene preists mary gentlewomen at the Courte in the tyme when Mrs. Fytton was in great favour, and one of her Majestie's maids of honor, and

(Rev. W. A. Harrison), 12 July (Rev. W. A. Harrison), 19 July (T. Tyler), 26 July (W. E. A. Axon), 1884; 20 June, 1885 (T. Tyler), *Western Antiquary*, October 1886, (W. E. A. Axon); December 15, 1888 (Thomas Tyler: a reply to Gerald Massey), March 1, 1890 (Caroline Stopes), March 21, 1891 (F. J. Furnivall), March 28 (T. Tyler), April 4 (F. J. Furnivall), April 11 (T. Tyler), April 18 (F. J. Furnivall), April 25 (T. Tyler), January 9, 1892 (C. G. O. Bridgman), January 16 (T. Tyler), 1892, Book-Lore, vol. i., p. 186 (W. E. A. Axon). Shakespeare's Sonnets, the first quarto, 1609, a facsimile in photo-lithography (from the copy in the British Museum) by Charles Praetorius, photographer to the British Museum. With an introduction by Thomas Tyler, M.A. of the University of London. London: Praetorius, 1886. The Songs, Poems, and Sonnets of William Shakespeare. Edited, with a Critical Introduction, by William Sharp. London: Scott, 1885. See also *Athenæum*, 20 February, 1886, July 17, 1891, and Dictionary of National Biography, vol. xix., p. 82-3, vol. xxvi., p. 228.

during the tyme that the Earle of Pembrooke favoured her, she would put off her head tire, and tucke up her clothes, and take a large white cloake, and marche as though she had bene a man to meete the said Earle out of the Courte." When Pembroke was charged with the *liaison* he acknowledged the fact, but "utterly" renounced all marriage with his victim. It has been conjectured that an amour she is known to have had with Leveson was anterior, and formed the ground of objection on Pembroke's part. He was willing to have the frail beauty as a mistress but not as a wife. There are letters from Sir Edward Fitton, in which he shows both distress and indignation at his daughter's treatment by her noble lover. The queen was Pembroke's guardian and his god-mother, and there are indications that she resented his treatment of her favourite maid of honour. He was banished from the court, forbidden to travel, exiled to his country house in Wiltshire, and a heavy fine exacted for his wardship.

Mary's father wrote to his other daughter, Lady Anne Newdgate:—22 April, 1601. "I am in some hope of your sister's enlargement shortly but what will happen with the Erle

I cannot tell." In May there is mention of a stolen journey into Cheshire, on the part of Sir Edward, in connection with his daughter's disgrace. Her mother writes, "I take no joye to heer of your sister, nore of that boy, if it had pleased God when I did hear her, that she and I hade bine beried, it hade saved me from a gret delle of sorow and gryffe, and her ffrom shame, and such shame as never have Cheshyre woman; worse now than evar, wright no more of her." The allusion here to the "boy" cannot mean Pembroke's child, which was dead, but it may refer to some other amour, or even possibly to Pembroke himself. Some years later Lady Alice tells the same daughter that Polewhele "is a veri knave, and taketh the disgrace off his wyff and all her ffryndes to make the world thynk hym worthy of her and that she dessarved no better." Sir Francis, the uncle of Mary, writes Feb. 4, 1606-7 "good Sir John Newdigate, you are verre moche behoulding to my cosen Polewhele for his diligent care and friendely diligence in labringe aboute your cause conteyned in the Lord Chancelor's letter to you." The wife of Sir Francis somewhere about the same time denounces her husband's niece as "the vyles

woman under the sun." Lord Pembroke was in prison, apparently, at the end of March, 1601, but was soon released, and the Queen's displeasure did not immediately lead to his banishment from court, for there is a letter of his written from Whitehall, May 8th. In a letter to Cecil, written at Baynard's Castle, Pembroke laments that although released from durance he is still imprisoned in not being allowed access to the presence of the Queen. Some of the expressions find parallels in Sonnet lvii. Now this Mrs. Mary Fitton, Mr. Tyler believes to be the Dark Lady of Shakespere's Sonnets, and he points out how fully this incident agrees with Sonnet xl. :—

"Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all:
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call:
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest,
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my property;
And yet Love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear Love's wrong, than Hate's known injury,
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes."

It agrees still better with the indications in Sonnet cxliv. :—

"Two loves I have, of comfort and despair;
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man, right fair,
The worser spirit, a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out."

With this may be compared the warning given in xcv. :—

"How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport;
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise,
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee!
What beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge."

The Rev. W. A. Harrison has pointed out that Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder* is dedicated to this lady, though by some inadvertence the author has given the name of her sister. In the spring of 1599, William Kemp started from London on a journey to Norwich, and danced the morris in the towns through which he passed. In the following year he published a tract giving a detailed account of his reception at the various points of this grotesque journey. It was entered at Stationers' Hall, 22nd April, 1600, as Kemp's *Morris to Noruiche*, but it is better known by the first words of its title, Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder, performed in a daunce from London to Norwiche*, 1600. It was reprinted for the Camden Society, under the editorial care of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, and another edition has been issued by Mr. Edmund Goldsmid, of Edinburgh. Kemp's dedication is "To the true ennobled Lady, and his most bountifull Mistris, Mistris Anne Fitton, Mayde of Honour to the most sacred Mayde, Royall Queene Elizabeth." Anne Fitton was married to Sir John Newdigate in 1595, or earlier, and was never, so far as is known, maid of honour. This position was held by Mary at the date when Kemp's book

was issued. In 1600, she was one of the recipients of "guilte plate from Her Majestie" as a New Year's gift. That she was on intimate terms with the players of the Lord Chamberlain's Company seems evident from the manner in which Kemp refers to her:—"In the waine of my little wit I am forst to desire your protection, else euery Ballad-singer will proclaime me bankrupt of honesty. . . . Three reasons moove me to make publik this iourney: one to reproue lying fooles I neuer knew; the other to commend louing friends which by the way I daily found; the third to shew my duety to your honorable selfe, whose favouor (among other bountifull friends) makes me (despight of this sad world) iudge my hart corke and my heeles feathers."

In the same year as Kemp's Morris,—1599,—there is another glimpse of Mary Fitton. One of the maids of honour was Margaret Radcliffe, a daughter of Sir John Radcliffe, M.P., of Ordsall Hall. This young lady was a favourite with the queen, but royalty could not shield her from sorrow. Her father died in 1590, her brother William, at the age of twenty, was slain at Blackwater, fighting against Tyrone in 1598, and

her elder brother, Sir Alexander, was killed in 1599 in the Irish warfare. These bereavements affected the gentle spirit of Margaret Radcliffe, and she died of grief 10 November, 1599, at Richmond, where the court then was. The queen commanded she should be "buried as a lady." The funeral was at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Mary Fitton was one of the maids of honour who followed their dead companion to her last resting-place. Sir John Radcliffe and Barton of Smithills were the only relations present, whilst Camden, the great antiquary, as Clarencieux, and William Smyth, as Rouge Dragon, attended to the heraldic formalities of the occasion (*Lancashire Funeral Certificates:* Chetham Society, vol. lxxv.).

Mary Fitton had some dramatic talent, and in June, 1600, when there was a masque before the Queen, "Mrs. Fitton leade" in the chief character of Affection. "Mrs. Fitton went to the Queen and moved her to dance. H.M. asked what she was. '*Affection*,' she said. 'Affection!' said the Queen; 'Affection is false'" (Whyte's letter to Sydney, 23 June, 1600). Rowland Whyte describes the attire of these masquerading ladies. "Each hath a skirt of cloth of silver, a rich waist-

coat wrought with silkes, and gold and silver, a mantell of carnacion taffete cast under the arme, and there hair loose about their shoulders, curiously knotted and interlaced." Whyte mentions that Mrs. Fitton was ill in 1599.

These ladies belonged to the ancient Cheshire family of Fitton, of Gawsworth. Their father, Sir Edward Fitton, was born in 1550, and was knighted at the age of thirty. He was for some years Lord President of Munster. He married Alice, daughter of Sir John Holcroft, and had four children. The eldest was Sir Edward Fitton, Bart.; the second, Richard, died in 1610. Of the daughters, Anne Fitton was baptized at Gawsworth, 6th October, 1574, and married, about 1595, Sir John Newdigate, of Newbury. The youngest, Mary, who became the heroine of the court scandal already stated, was baptized at Gawsworth, 24th June, 1578. That she was twice married appears certain. Ormerod calls her first husband Captain Lougher, and her second Captain Polewhele. Mr. Earwaker reverses this order, and in doing so follows the MSS. of Sir Peter Leycester. Francis Fitton, her father's uncle, made a will, dated 31 March, 1608, in which he refers to "Mr.

William Polwheele, who married with my niece Mrs. Marie Fitton, younger daughter to Sir Edward Fitton, Knight, deceased, my nephew." It seems probable that her marriage would be within a few years of the date, for in 1604 she is mentioned in her father's will as "Mary Fytton," whilst in her great-uncle's will she is called the "now wief" of Polewhele.

We are not entirely without the means of judging as to the charms which eclipsed those of the Virgin Queen in the eyes of Pembroke, for the monument to Lady Alice Fitton in Gawsworth Church includes kneeling figures of her two sons and two daughters. They are all in the costume of the early part of the seventeenth century, and have at one time been highly coloured. This monument is engraved in Earwaker's *East Cheshire*, ii., 582.

The present representatives of Ann Fitton, the Newdigates, have at Arbury, amongst the family portraits, several of the seventeenth century, which have been absurdly misnamed in later generations. One of these is held by some to be a portrait of Mary Fitton, and if it does represent that lady accurately, there can be no hesitation in saying that it does not make her correspond with

the "dark lady" of the Sonnets. Mr. Tyler contends that it is really a portrait of Mildred Cooke (Lady Maxey). This portrait shows a somewhat fair complexioned girl with hair comparatively light. The monumental effigy at Gawsworth, on the contrary, represents a lady of dark beauty, such as one might fairly expect Shakespeare's unknown heroine to be. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson has pointed out a curious difficulty. If the lady of the sonnets is "dark," the lover is light complexioned, "white and red," and the portraits of Herbert represent a swarthy man (*Athenæum*, July 11, 1891.)

The Rev. F. C. Fitton had in his possession a MS. pedigree of the Fitton family drawn up by Dr. Ormerod, which fully confirms the scandal about the frail maid of honour and friend of Shakespeare, and it contains this entry :—

> Capt. Lougher,=Mary Fitton,=Capt. Polwhele,
> 1st husband. maid of honour, 2nd husband.
> had one bastard
> by W^m^ E of Pembroke,
> and two bastards by
> Sir Richard Leveson, K^t.^
> Sir P. L.'s MSS.

"Sir P. L." is Sir Peter Leycester (1614-78), but it would appear that Dr. Ormerod has

reversed the order of the marriages as given by Leycester, who states that "Polewheele" was the first husband, and that the illegitimate child of the Earl of Pembroke was a son, and the two illegitimate children of Leveson were daughters.

As to her *liaison* with Leveson there was already a conection between the families, for her aunt was the wife of Sir Richard Leveson, the grandfather of the man who is named as the lover of Queen Elizabeth's maid of honour. The pedigrees, if critically examined, leave something to be desired. Sir Richard, whose amour with Mary Fitton has now come to light, was a dashing sailor, and Vice-Admiral of England. He died in 1605, and there is a fine bronze figure of him in Wolverhampton Church. The free and easy manners of the maids of honour of the Virgin Queen are illustrated by an anecdote recorded by Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, and printed in Mr. W. J. Thom's *Anecdotes and Traditions*:—"The Lord Knoll's," he said, meaning Sir Francis Knollys, "in Queen Elizabeth's time had its lodging at Court, where some of the Ladyes and Maydes of Honour us'd to friske and hey about in the next room, to his extreame disquiete a

nights, though he often warned them of it; at last he getts one to bolt their own backe doore, when they were all in one night at their revells, stripps off [to] his shirt, and so with a payre of spectacles on his nose, and Aretine in his hand, comes marching in at a posterne doore of his owne chamber, reading very gravely, full upon the faces of them. Now let the reader judge what a sadd spectacle and pitiful fright these poor creatures endur'd, for he fac'd them and often traverst the roome in this posture above an houre" (p. 70-71).

There is more than one interpretation of the "Sonnets," but in parts they appear to indicate that the poet had been supplanted in the affections of a "dark lady" by his friend, presumably "W.H.," the "onlie begetter" of the dedication. Thus if "W.H." be identified as the Earl of Pembroke, and Mary Fitton as the "dark lady," we shall have to add Shakespere to her already notable list of lovers.

It is not desirable to be too certain of the identification of Mrs. Marie Fitton as the "Dark Lady" of Shakespere, but the evidence is sufficiently cogent to give an added interest to the

strange life-story of this Gawsworth lady, who, if as beautiful or as attractive as Lady Done, was certainly lacking in some of the good qualities of that exemplar of the maids and wives of Cheshire.

Sandbach Over Sixty Years Ago.

REMINISCENCES.

By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks.

WHEN I was about four, eight, and eleven years old, I visited Sandbach, my stay on each occasion lasting not less than six months, from spring to late autumn.

I think I see myself on the first of these visits, standing at the end of a narrow passage called Lad Lane, a little mite in a scarlet kerseymere pelisse, with a tippet, a black beaver hat adorned with feathers and a gilt buckle, and coloured shoes, whilst someone stood on the high top step of the confectioner's two-windowed shop, almost opposite, to welcome me and Mrs. Norbury, who was taking me home with her to regain strength after some infantile ailment.

The coach, outside which we had travelled from Manchester, had set us down at the Wheatsheaf, at what was called the Top o' the Town; and my guardian had brought me by the country

path between hedgerows, no doubt as softer to the feet than the prominent cobble-stones with which the town was paved.

Of my journey I have but one remembrance; none of the route we took. I had the outer seat at the back of the stage-coach, consequently, when we had crossed a bridge, turning sharply to the right, and were bowling along by the unguarded canal or river-side, I chanced to look over the rail of my perch, and saw with dismay the wheels on our side running along the uneven grass-fringed margin of the stream. I was too much affrighted to cry out. My seat appeared to overhang the very water, and I expected every moment the vehicle would topple over and carry us with it. The terror evoked by those few minutes, when there did not seem an inch between the wheel and destruction, has never passed away. I shudder as I recall it.

On my second visit, Miss Norbury was my travelling companion, and our conveyance for part of the distance was a packet-boat, either from the Knott Mill Wharf, along the Duke's canal, or from the Old Quay on the Irwell.

At all events at the appointed landing-stage, wherever it might be, we were met by an old

shoemaker named Job Horne, who had his shandra, a vehicle something like a modern tea-dealer's van, open in front, in waiting at an inn close by the water-side, with a painted sign and the strange name of "The Dog in the Wall"; and in this primitive vehicle Job drove us and our boxes by way of Holmes Chapel to Mrs. Norbury's door. I hope I am not wasting time by these reminiscences, since they serve to show different modes of conveyance between sixty and seventy years back, as employed by respectable tradespeople.

Now for Sandbach itself. Nothing about the quaint old town impressed me so much as its superlative cleanliness. Its oppressive quietude might be broken on market days or by a stage-coach, but nothing seemed to affect the roadways. There was never any garbage about, or if there had been, the first good shower swept it all down hill to the river, or as it was idiomatically called, "the bruck." In *Paterson's Roads*, 1822, Sandbach is said to be "pleasantly situated on an eminence near the little river Wheelock." Evidently between that date and 1825, the main road had been considerably raised, and carried over a new bridge, thus levelling the town

approach on the east, and reducing the steep ascent on either side; for I found not only a new bridge of two or three arches, but the *debris* of an old one, the thin shell of one low arch still upstanding, surrounded by water and detached portions of brickwork, offering a sad temptation to venturesome youngsters, who crossed to it on the scattered bricks in the water, regardless that the arch itself was unsafe, and falling brick by brick into the choked stream. It, however, had not wholly disappeared on my last visit in 1832.

It would not have been accessible had the main road been levelled across its whole width. About a third had been left with the houses upon it steeply descending to the river-side; the newer portion of the highroad rising above the level of the original house tops as the bridge was neared; although much on the same plane as the ancient churchyard. The elevation of the latter had made a flight of stone steps a necessity to churchgoers. A very much longer and steeper flight of steps served for communication between the upper and lower roads, where the green embankment was highest. This was guarded (as was the embankment) by a strong wooden hand-

rail, worn smooth by the young urchins who slid from top to bottom, at the peril of life or limb.

Not far from these steps, and nearly opposite to Job Horne's, a spring of clear pure water for which a spout had been provided, gushed copiously from the lower masonry of the embankment, and wore itself a channel by the wall-side along which it ran merrily down "to join the brimming river."

On the far (south) side of the highroad and the bridge, the river had been dammed up into a formal reservoir to supply Percival's silk mill, apparently an erection coeval with the new bridge, from the newness of its bricks and build. At either side of the reservoir was a gravelled pathway, flanked by a green hedgerow, the one nearest the town private, the other leading to a gateway by the mill sluice, and eastward to green fields up a grassy slope, where it was pleasant to sit and weave rush baskets and parasols.

Returning from the bridge on the level left hand side, standing back from the road beyond uncultivated forecourts, rose two ancient half-timbered dwellings, each with double gables, and a paucity of paint. A symbolic sign above the farthest from the bridge, indicated the Three Tuns

Inn. It had good transom windows, but otherwise so forlorn an aspect, it might have been mourning for the good old days when hospitality was free, and no tavern sign had defaced the front of what was then Sandbach Hall.

A few dark red houses in a row, and a shop or two up steps, one a clockmaker's, brought us to the fine old coaching house, the George and Dragon, locally known as "The George," the busiest spot in the whole town. If I remember rightly, the building was rough-cast. It had large square windows on one side the doorway, if not on both sides, three semi-circular steps, and a horse block. Here the London stage coaches stopped to change horses, and refresh the passengers; here I believe were held hunt-balls and dinners. There was a side gateway leading to an extensive yard, stabling and coachhouses, and still beyond, to the inevitable bowling green. A Mr. and Mrs. Emery kept the inn.

Exactly opposite was our own friend's place of business, the second of a row of ancient timbered houses with pinnacled gables, the black and white a trifle fresher than at the old hall. The first shop had its door at the corner, a rather acute angle formed by a paved passage which ran obliquely at

the back to the general pump, and beyond to an unenclosed space of waste ground in common use for surrounding householders, and principally occupied by tree trunks and squared balks of timber.

This uncultivated waste ground was on the elevated level of the churchyard, bounded on one side by the backs of houses fronting the Market Place, at right angles by the brick wall of the vicarage garden, in which, near to the church, was a convenient green door displaying a small worn brass plate, inscribed "Rev. ———."

Again at a right angle came a stretch of low wooden paling, and a small gate giving access to the churchyard, at the tower end of the church. This railing ended at the house and school house of the clerk and his sister. The fourth and southern side—and here lies the reason for this circumstantial description—was bounded by an outwardly breast high wall in the rear of the High Street houses, following Mrs. Norbury's, and on a level with upper windows or roof cornices, showing the extreme dip of the ground.

Below this wall, and adjoining our friend's house in the High Street, was the large iron-mongery shop of her father, Mr. Farringdon,

followed by his dwelling house and a row of warehousing in which were stowed away baskets and beehives, firegrates, fenders and fireirons, hay-rakes, sickles and scythes, bags of nails, scrap iron, old rags, tubs full of brass coat-buttons and dust galore. He had a blacksmith's forge to the front of the road, in which a half-witted *nailer* was always at work, converting iron rods into nails, when not chasing the ill-mannered children who baited him with his infirmity. He might supply a lost horse shoe on occasion, but I never saw it. These warehouses were followed by the cake and confectionery shop of a Mr. Peover, who had married another of "Grandfather Farringdon's" daughters. And the whole of this property, which I believe the old man owned, bordered the steep hill side, and terminated at the bakery.

So, at the back, instead of gardens or open yards for domestic purposes, ran only a narrow alley or gully, with a wall high as the house tops, built so as to bank up the high ground where lay the seasoning timber. But as the house windows were principally at the front, except on the upper stories, little light was blocked out.

On the ground floors, double-windowed shop, house-place, and parlour, each and all occupied the whole space from back to front, the enclosed staircase rising from the red-tiled house-place, parallel with the outer wall, and all were roomy.

Mrs. Norbury's house extended further back than those on either side, and opened on the high level. Her narrow slip of a shop was like a slice from the large house-place, a shop raised above the street, with a door in two halves, the upper half hooked up to the ceiling in the daytime, the lower half furnished with a resonant bell to summon attendance when a customer lifted the latch. I used to think wasps were more numerous than customers; and that might be the reason so much of the confectionery was stowed away in tin cases or covered glass jars; but apart from the trade done when the coaches stopped at the George to change horses, she had a more exclusive one to order, supplying numerous gentry over a wide area with pound-cakes, bride-cakes, funeral biscuits, and delicious gingerbread, for which latter she might have had a patent. She had also an agency for the now extinct *East Indian Company's Tea*, done up in packages lined with

lead, and having the East India House upon the cover. And besides, she had a dressmaking business, presided over by a forewoman, in an upper room, and worked for a class of whom Lady Crewe was one. Her only rival was a Mrs. Stringer, who had a dainty milliner's shop between the fork of the road at "th' top o' th' town."

The bakehouse was a sort of lean-to, built out at one corner of the large house-place, partly behind the enclosed staircase, and was reached by a stone step, on which I have sat many an hour pounding sugar in an iron mortar, placed on the upper step before me.

It was in this house-place I made my early acquaintance with a floor of polished tiles, black and red, diamond-wise, and with a cornered window. On the right of the very high mantle-shelf was a deep sunk narrow window, fitted with small leaded panes, and a window seat only adapted for a slim body; on the other side, the window of respectable size consisted of two square lights united at the angle by a supporting upright. The window seat of course fitted the angle, and there I sat on many a dreary Sunday afternoon alone, with no book to fill the vacancy,

looking down the oblique passage previously described, and along the deserted vista of High Street, watching for the mild excitement of a rare passer-by to waken up the solitude of the sleepy town.

The workroom overhead held, besides the large work table, a four-post bed in one corner, draped with chequered gingham, and covered with a patchwork quilt of coloured cloth, and in the opposite corner by the casement was a deep square closet for dresses and materials. The walls and doors were alike coloured drab. Wall-paper was much too expensive for common use. In the bedroom above the shop another large four-post bed almost filled one end beyond the casement. The painted chairs had rush seats, the bed and window were hung with chintz, the wall was stencilled in pattern, and the floor was carpeted with cloth, red and black, interlaced to form a check.

Common place country rooms these. But the attic! That almost baffles description. The enclosed stairs, dimly illuminated by a slice of window, landed you in a doorless garret, lit by the other half-window as divided by the wooden screen which partially shut in the place. Yet a stump bedstead in a dark corner,

covered with a dingy patchwork quilt, indicated that *some one* slept there. I used to wonder who. Now, I assume that it would be the indoor apprentices. Mrs. Norbury was a kindly woman, but custom deadens sentiment. Never did I know servants so miserably housed in my life—except in Dublin.

At the bed's foot another doorless doorway led to what might have been made a decent chamber, though it was in the gable; but it was cumbered with the dusty overflow of coal baskets, hampers, hives, sickles wrapped in hay-bands, etc., from Mr. Farringdon's warehouse. And, lengthwise, over this, midway between roof and floor, another room or loft had been constructed, quite large enough to hold a bed at either end of the dividing doorway. Its only light was derived from the small-paned casement of discoloured glass in the front gable end, as it might struggle through the elevated entrance, to which access could only have been obtained by a step-ladder. I have been thus prolix in my description, since I think it indicates how domestics were accommodated in the Elizabethan era, when such timbered houses were erected, and how the daughters of quite respectable people fared during apprenticeship,

even sixty years ago. I hope I have not trespassed on time or patience.

The oblique passage behind the corner premises had, of course, a second boundary, viz., the blank wall of the first dwelling in the Market Place, occupied by a Mr Eachus, bookseller, stationer, and printer, the printing office in the rear of his house being built, and the small press set up, during my second visit to the town. The adjoining house and shop belonged to a Mrs. Francis, a straw bonnet maker. And once a week a collection of limp and shapeless hats and bonnets, washed in the open air, might be seen dangling from a line across the general drying ground, for at that time, and even twenty years later, straw bonnets went to be cleaned and altered as fashion or caprice dictated. Beyond the straw bonnet shop was a public-house, but if anything intervened I have no recollection. Nor do I remember the sign. Yet I have a notion the landlord kept cows, for, at a side entrance, where there was an outlet from the waste ground, he sold buttermilk, fresh from the churn—not a wearisome tall churn, where the solitary dasher had to be forced down or lifted up by its long, upright handle—but a newly invented oblong

churn, having a handle, like a box-organ, to turn four revolving dashers, with less labour.

Past this incipient street, leading from the Market Place to the waste ground, might be seen the shop and house, long-fronted, of Mr. Yarwood, baker and flour dealer, whose brown coat had always a thick dressing of flour. He was the father of Mrs. Norbury's prim forewoman, and a jolly, rotund individual, with a weakness for standing in his own doorway.

One other house fills up my picture of the market place on the eastern side—a large, three-storied, double-fronted residence of time-toned brick, behind light iron palisades, having a noble entrance, broad steps, and a wide stone hall, only trodden then by a caretaker and her children. The last in the Market Place, it became the first on the top of Swan Bank.

Thus it partially confronted a somewhat similar old Georgian abode, flush with the roadway, having its private entrance on Swan Bank. The portion on one side the hall was occupied by the Misses Moss as a school for young ladies—a school in which either Mavor or Dilworth's spelling book was considered sufficient pabulum for a precocious damsel of eight, who resented the

affront with indignation, calling it "a baby's book." Education had not reached a very high level in Sandbach, when that was considered the best girls' school in the town. The other half of the large premises had been converted into a tea dealer and grocer's shop by Mr. Moss, and presented a broad two-windowed front to the Market Place and the adjoining Crosses. Another inn—I think the Crown—and a smaller shop, elbowed into a corner, represented the whole of the northern boundary. The western consisted of a row of miscellaneous shops, set for the most part in antique black and white gables, which row terminated at a gateway leading to a squalid yard or court at the back of the Black Bear, another picturesque black and white beam-and-rubble structure, commanding alike the High Street, the Market Place, and the old wooden stocks set up at that end of the Town Hall. I do not remember seeing them in use more than once.

As I understand that the old Town Hall has totally disappeared, and no longer keeps its isolated state on the south of the open area it dominated, I may be allowed space to describe it as in my young days. Its once red bricks were brown with age, and no ornamentation had been wasted upon it.

The tall narrow windows were all on the upper storey, overlooking the Market Place on the one side, the High Street on the other. And this upper storey, devoted to town business, assemblies, and so forth, *rested like a level bridge on two clumsy blocks of brickwork*—one at each end. These on the Market side had been utilised as shops—one tenanted by a barber, the other by a Mr Peover, an ironmonger—whilst, from the High Street, admission was obtained to whatever public rooms or offices there might be. The covered space thus bridged over was, on market Thursdays, devoted to butchers and their stalls. At other times it sheltered the wooden framework of all stalls not in use.

The Market Place itself was sectionally paved with cobble stones, leaving paths for purchasers. Very few were the stalls set up, but every Thursday brought a fresh looking company of farmers' wives and daughters, who stood along the lines with baskets of tempting butter, eggs, and poultry. Pedlars spread their wares on sheets, or on inverted gingham umbrellas, such as served others to ward off sun or shower. Crockery was spread out upon the pavement; so were tin ware and cooperage. Fruit was

exhibited in hampers, ditto vegetables. But the marked feature of the market was its orderliness, the freedom from bustle and excitement, pushing or thrusting, shouting or uproar. Business was done in comparative quiet, goods were sold, and the ground was almost cleared before nightfall, the bulk of the country people having to drive long distances home.

And now let me say a word about the antiquarian glory of the town—Sandbach Market Crosses. Many a time did I puzzle my young brains why two tapering obelisks *without outstanding arms* could possibly be called "crosses." I did my best to make out the figures carved upon them, and, although I had scrambled up and down the steps forming the base in child-play with my companions, and knew nothing of the history, removal, or re-erection of the obelisks, I had dived into books unknown to my playmates, was familar with a wonderful drop-scene at the old Theatre Royal in Fountain Street, Manchester, and so had more than a child's veneration for them as relics of an extremely remote past; though I am afraid I associated the figures thereupon more with Egyptian hieroglyphics than anything so sacred or Christian as the Crucifixion.

Returning to High Street, I feel constrained to mention two human antiquities residing in the house next to Lad Lane, in which they had a green side door, in addition to the rarely opened front one, flanked by two shallow bow windows in the street itself. They were elderly maiden ladies named Simpson, remarkable for their precise manners, erect bearing, and their antiquated dress, the fashion of which could not have been changed for more than forty years.

They might be seen walking down the street to church on a Sunday, when the exquisitely sweet bells were ringing, dressed in the flowered brocades of the previous century, with full skirts standing stiffly out, long peak bodices, elbow sleeves with deep frills, long kid gloves, and fans at least fifteen inches long, suspended from their arms. A loose black silk scarf would complete the attire, if we except the tall head dresses, which baffle a child's memory.

Whether I was marked out for distinction by my precocity, by my town-bred manners, or costume, it is certain that their staid and quaint domestic—a study in brown—was sent across with an invitation from the old ladies for my little self. I found them in a dim parlour overlooking

Lad Lane, heavily furnished with mahogany and horsehair, not wearing their magnificent brocades, but something more subdued, if out of date. I was received with ceremonious politeness, regaled with cake and home-made wine, and plied with questions as if I had belonged to another order of humanity—as no doubt I did. It was a visit to be remembered, was that contrasting contact of precocious young vitality with fossilized antiquity, amid surroundings coeval with the spinsters' own youth, as the house itself must have been.

High Street was not merely residential, as I have shown. The principal draper in the town, named Arrowsmith, had an imposing double-windowed shop not far from the Misses Simpson's, and, on my last visit, Mr. Farringdon's former assistant, named Bostock, had opened an iron-mongery establishment for himself. Here memory falters until we reach the turn of the road, and the Coach and Horses, where the Manchester stage set down its passengers, and th' Top o' th' town began.

Across the road, at the elbow, stood the surgery of Mr Lindop, and another tavern, the Chequers, having what I, very appropriately, called a draught-board, affixed beside the door as a

sign. Here, too, opened out the road to the Common, and skirting it, on to Holmes Chapel, and elsewhere. The Common itself was but an irregular patch of ground where grass made an effort to exist, and it was enclosed within a rude triangle, two sides of which held cottages, mostly housing shoemakers, having a Sunday-school at one angle, which did double duty as a dissenting place of worship. The third long side was wholly claimed by the high brick wall that shut Squire Wilson's mansion and grounds from vulgar observation, until it was lost in the tree-shaded avenue of the upper road to vicarage and church, a road met on the town side by Swan Bank.

This steep ascent took its name from a swan painted on a swinging sign projecting from an outlying gable, to intimate that up two break-neck bricked steps from the road, and up an alley on an inclined plane, those who sought to imbibe potentials in retirement might be accommodated.

It was not far thence up the steep bank, or across the Market Place and High Street in a direct line, to Lad Lane, to pass the Misses Simpson's on the one hand, having the wall of the George and a Mrs. Louch's abode on our left, where the wiry notes of Miss Louch's harpsichord might reach

us through an open window, and thence on, between green hedgerows, to the extreme limit of the bowling green they shut from sight, to where another path diverged on the left, skirting the bowling green on the south, and terminating at Jacob's well, renowned for its tea-water. Still pursuing our original track down Lad Lane, between growing crops of vegetables, we came upon a row of newly-erected cottage houses, ugly and monotonous, bearing the equally ugly name of Union Street, and evidently designed to accommodate Percival's mill hands. Hurrying along the one-sided street, we emerged upon the Wheelock Road, but, being neither in quest of dog roses nor a dip into brine pits at the salt works, we turned to our right past Dr. Holland's, past Wm. Peatson, the tailor's, on past the Wheatsheaf where we first landed, glanced across at Mrs. Stringer's caps and bonnets on our left, at the corner of Bradwell Lane, where a mile away we should find Bradwell Hall, and learned Dr. Latham's, where a little girl spent an observant hour long years before she had heard of his learning or the word "philology." But if we pursued our way through Top o' th' town, past the Coach and Horses, where the stage was unloading,

and back into High Street, we had made the circuit of Sandbach as it was from sixty to seventy years back, when shoemaking was the staple trade of the town, shoemaking by hand, not machinery. I could follow both masters and men into their homes, and show how their work was done in those days, but I am afraid I have already worn out patience, and must forbear.

Ancient Bridges, Fords, and Ferries.

By William Harrison.

CHESHIRE, like her neighbour Lancashire, was, down to a comparatively late period, ill-provided with the means of crossing the "great and deep rivers," which, according to a statute passed in 1670, ran "cross and through the common and publick highways and roads within the said counties," and which, as the statute goes on to say, "many times cannot be passed over without hazard and loss of the lives and goods of the inhabitants within the said counties for want of convenient, good, and sufficient bridges."

The lack of bridges resulted partly from the destruction which had gone on during the Civil War, and partly from the remoteness of the two counties in early times from the great centres of national life and industry.

There are no traces in Cheshire of any bridges erected by the Romans, unless we can class as such the ancient structure disinterred in 1850, near Birkenhead. It is, however, noticeable as

an evidence of the continuity of use of the Roman highways that along their courses were placed the few early bridges of which we have any record across the three "great and deep rivers" of Cheshire, viz., the Dee, the Mersey, and the Weaver.

At Chester a bridge is said to have been erected by Ethelfleda in the reign of Edward the Elder. One was certainly in existence in the time of Edward the Confessor, when, as appears from Domesday Book, the sheriff could summon men from all parts of the county to come to repair it. Its importance not merely to the city, but to the whole county, was thus recognised. Indeed, in the time of Edward the First it became of national importance in view of the campaign against the Welsh, and that monarch was most anxious for its being kept in repair. It had already suffered an entire collapse in the year 1227, and again, in 1280, an unusually high tide inundated the country, and broke down and carried away the bridge. Until it was repaired, travellers were forced to cross the river by ferry, or by the ford close by which crossed from the ancient Ship Gate to Edgar's Cave, and which had been in use from Roman times. It is

probable that both ferry and ford were always more or less in use, as the bridge was not over commodious or substantial, and even in much later times certain kinds of vehicles, such as carts with iron-bound wheels, were not permitted to use it. In 1353 the bridge was again carried away, and for that year the profits of the ferry amounted to £13 5s. 1d., because, as the record says, "the bridge was broken." In 1387 it appears to have been still unreplaced, for in that year King Richard grants the profits of the ferry, and of the murage accustomed to be given for the repair of the walls, to be applied to the rebuilding of the bridge, "the destruction of which caused the inhabitants and those resorting to the said city much danger and inconvenience, and was the source of great loss."

The structure then erected was of a more substantial character than its predecessors, which had been largely of timber. It survives to the present day, though no doubt much modified and altered in the course of the intervening centuries. On the bridge was built a tower, which we find in course of erection in the year 1407. Afterwards there appears to have been a tower as well as a house at each end of the bridge. The further

end of the bridge was "buylded" in 1499. In 1550 we hear of complaints of the battlements being broken down, and in 1573 we again find the bridge "in ruyn and decay," and orders given to amend it.

The bridge at Frodsham was in existence in the reign of Henry the Third. Like many other old bridges it appears to have had upon it a small chapel where travellers could give thanks for the safe passage afforded them, and where the chaplain would celebrate mass daily, and receive the offerings of the faithful. This earlier bridge, which was of wood, was rebuilt with brick in the time of Elizabeth. It is described by Smith, early in the 17th century, as "the longest bridge in all Cheshire," and as "builded most part of brick," though Webb, writing about the same time, speaks of it as of stone, and consisting of four arches.

At Warrington, a bridge, probably of wood, had been built before the year 1305, to supersede the ford close by at Latchford. Before 1364 it had perished, and royal authority had been obtained to have it rebuilt. In 1453, and again in 1479, indulgences were offered to all who would contribute to its repair. At last, in 1495, a

substantial stone bridge was built at Lord Derby's cost, on the occasion of the king's visit to Lancashire. This bridge was the scene of military operations on more than one occasion during the Civil War.

Northwich bridge was in existence in 1343, in which year orders were given for its repair, orders which we find repeated in 1351 and 1391. This bridge, like the others of the time, was of wood.

Crosford Bridge was probably not erected till about the fifteenth century. The earliest notice of it is by Leland, who, writing in 1538 says, "I rode over Mersey water by a great bridge of Tymbre caullid Crosford Bridge." The previously existing ford was used by the Romans, and, for centuries afterwards, though in later times, there seems to have been also a ferry, as the name "Crosferry" appears in a fourteenth century document.

Stockport was formerly known as Stopford, from the ford there used from the time of the Romans. A bridge is known to have existed in 1372, if not earlier. In that year we find a hermitage built at the end of the bridge, and within it an oratory in which a chaplain was licensed to celebrate divine service.

At Nantwich, too, where a bridge is first mentioned in 1398, we find a chapel upon it licensed by the Bishop for the celebration of divine service. The bridge is described in 1621 as a strong timber bridge, "which asketh no little care and cost" by reason of the traffic in wood for boiling the salt. It 1663 it made way for a new bridge of stone.

Besides the bridges across the great rivers, we find a few spanning the smaller streams in early times. At Bridge Trafford, one of wood appears to have existed in 1391. At Backford, a few miles distant, another is mentioned at an even earlier date. At Mickle Trafford and Stanford there seem to have been bridges in 1455.

Down to the sixteenth century most of the bridges were of timber, those responsible for them having at their disposal the almost inexhaustible stores of wood in Delamere Forest. Again and again we find orders granting one, two, or more oaks out of the forest for the bridges.

By the commencement of the seventeenth century the number of bridges appears to have been considerably augmented, and more of them were of stone. Over the Dee at Farndon was "an exceeding fair stone bridge," the scene of many a

WINNINGTON BRIDGE.

border conflict, and on which there are still traces of a guard-house, and at Winnington was "a fair stone bridge," where, in 1659, the last engagement of the Civil War was fought.

Before the erection of the bridges, the crossing of the streams must have been accomplished in some few cases by boat, but mostly by means of fords. The latter method is frequently betrayed by the very name. Crosford, Stanford, Trafford, and Backford are names which tell their own tale. Many other fords are ancient enough to have given name to the parish or township. Of such we have examples in Aldford, Knutsford, Handforth and Chelford.

The ancient ferries of Cheshire were naturally in the lower reaches of the rivers, where neither ford nor bridge was practicable. Across the Mersey, from Birkenhead to Liverpool, a ferry was existing before 1318, when the Priory of Birkenhead obtained from Edward the Second a grant of certain privileges in relation to it, which were extended in the following reign. The right of ferry from Eastham to Liverpool belonged to the Abbey of St. Werburgh. In the twelfth century a ferry was established at Runcorn, and probably also one near Warrington. Other fer-

ries on the Mersey were at Hollinfare and Northenden. On the Dee, as we have seen, there was a ferry at Chester when the bridge was broken down. A ferry also existed at Eaton.

The dawn of the eighteenth century ushered in a period of steady progress in the manufacturing industries of the north, which brought in its train a growing consciousness of the need for improvement in the means of transit. But the amendment of the roads was not complete until every stream could be crossed dryshod, and the men of the eighteenth century did not lack the enterprise necessary to attain such an object.

> "Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
> The mole projected break the roaring main."

So exclaimed the great Augustan poet, and in obedience to his behest, voicing the spirit of the time, there arose one by one, throughout Cheshire as elsewhere, the almost numberless bridges which we now possess, and, perhaps, too little appreciate, and which have finally abolished for the traveller the dangers of the ford and flood.

Cheshire Proverbial Phrases.

By J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.H.S.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL defined a proverb as "the wisdom of many, and the wit of one," and Tennyson wrote of proverbs as

> "Jewels five words long,
> That on the stretch'd forefinger of Time
> Sparkle for ever."

It is of the colloquialisms of Cheshire that we propose to write.

Cheshire has its fair share, with the sister counties of England, of proverbial phrases, and these are quite as expressive as those associated with other divisions of our country. There are many intimately connected with Cheshire. They have been embalmed for us and for "generations yet unborn" by Stow, Ray, Higson, Wilbraham, Leigh, Hazlitt, and others. Some of these have reference to the county as a whole and its inhabitants generally; others are associated with more than "a baker's dozen" of places; a few relate to prominent families; and many treat of the good,

bad, and uncertain qualities of its people, whose abiding place is in Cheshire.

One of the most widely known Cheshire proverbs is "He grins like a Cheshire cat," or, in an extended form, "He grins like a Cheshire cat chewing gravel." This has no reference to the wild cat which, in days of yore, roamed over the county, nor yet to the domestic "tabby." The best, and most probable, explanation as to the origin of the saying is that given by a writer to *Notes and Queries* of forty-three years ago, who stated that for a considerable time he had heard that the saying owed "its origin to the unhappy attempts of a sign painter of that county to represent a lion rampant, which was the crest of an influential family (the Egertons), on the sign-boards of many of the inns. The resemblance of these lions to cats caused them to be generally called by the more ignoble name. A similar case" was then "to be found in the village of Charlton, between Pewsey and Devizes, Wiltshire. A public-house by the roadside" was commonly known by the name of "The Cat at Charlton." The sign of the house was originally a lion or tiger, or some such animal, the crest of the family of, I believe, Sir Edward Poore. In

the Cheshire instance, the crest which gave its origin, in its caricatured form, was that of the Egertons. In some districts the tavern is more generally known as "The romping Kitling" than the "Egerton Arms."

"Cheshire bred:
Strong i'th' arm,
Weak i'th' yed"

is not quite so familiar outside the county as that proverb in which "Derbyshire born" is substituted for "Cheshire bred." If it applies to one it must do to the other, inasmuch as both counties are adjacent to its other, and an imaginary boundary cannot alter the character of the inhabitants, which must be somewhat similar on both sides the line. The people of Herts. are not hurt, so 'tis said, if they fall on their heads, so that the so designated abnormal thickness of skull is not peculiar either to Cheshire or Derbyshire.

The above-mentioned proverb either is untrue in whole or in part, or the following is, which?

"Cheshire, chief of men."

Old Fuller, speaking of the reputed valour of the Cestrians on the field of battle, and of the failure of the rising under Sir George Booth, and

the Restoration of the second Charles to the throne of England, remarks :—"And to shew that this should not be man's work, God suffers both the men of Kent and Cheshire, chief of men, to fail in their loyal endeavours, that it might only be God's work justly marvellous to our eyes."

On this subject the same old and quaint author of "Gnomologia" wrote :—"Say not that the proverb carries a challenge to it, and our men of Kent will undertake these chief of men, for engrossing manhood to themselves. And some will oppose to this narrow county proverb an English one of greater latitude, viz. : '*No man so good, but another may be as good as he.*'"

"Neither in Cheshire nor Chowbent" means that "it is neither here nor there," Chowbent being in Lancashire, and the saying is equally applicable to "men and things."

Ray said that this proverb was in his "day and generation" current in Cheshire and the neighbouring shires :—"For my peck of malt set the kiln on fire." The good folk who used it, wished to convey the idea "I am little concerned in the thing mentioned. I care not much, come on it what will!"

Of the places which are mentioned in proverbial

phrases in Cheshire are :—Altrincham, Blacon Point, Bowden, Cheadle, Congleton, Didsbury, Hoole, Lawton, Lymon, Macclesfield, Over, and Stockport. Associated with the first-mentioned town, are the two following sayings :—"The Mayor of Altringham lies in bed while his breeches are mending," and

> "The Mayor of Altringham and the Mayor of Over:
> The one a thatcher, and the other a dauber."

'Tis obvious from these sayings, if true, that there was no property or other monetary qualification required of their Worships in the days when these originated; and not only so, but that the occupants of the civic position did not scorn to toil in a humble and useful manner for their daily sustenance, and, further, that the wardrobe, at least of the chief magistrate at Altringham, was very limited in extent. Ray mentions that the two places were, when he wrote, two petty corporations, whose poverty made them ridiculous to their neighbours. A "dauber," it should be explained, means a maker of clay walls. In his History of Bowden and Altrincham, Mr. Alfred Ingram speaks of the reference of Sir Walter Scott to this proverb; and Mr. Axon of this writes :—"The Corporation of Altrincham is one

that survived the reforming Seal of fifty years ago, and, though never possessed of executive functions, it has maintained some social usefulness, while its chief officers have been very different persons from what a believer in proverbial philosophy might suppose. Of the slanderer it could not truly be said 'He stands like Mumphazard, who was hanged for saying nothing.'"

Speaking of the long-gone-by period when Cheshire was more thickly wooded than it is in our time, the two couplets say :—

"From Blacon Point to Hilbree,
The squirrel might leap from tree to tree,"

and

"From Birchen Haven to Hilbree," etc.

In the 1810 edition of his "Tours in Wales," Pennant, of the district around Tre-Mostyn, remarks :—"The sea, or the estuary of the Dee, lies at a small distance to the left, a verdant marsh intervening. The Hundred of Wirall, a portion of Cheshire, is seen on the other side—a hilly tract, woodless and dreary, chequered with corn lands and black heaths, yet formerly so well clothed as to occasion this proverbial distich."

"Every man cannot be Vicar of Bowden."

Writing of this saying in 1670, Ray says :—

"Bowden, it seems, is one of the greatest livings near Chester; otherwise, doubtless, there are many greater Church preferments in Cheshire." All cannot climb to the upper branches of the ecclesiastical tree.

Of the sweet music which formerly "soothed the savage breast" in Cheshire, or the dins which bewildered the more sensitive tympana of the Cestrians of byegone days, we have evidence in this couplet :—

"Northern sweet music, and Didsbury pans:
Cheadle old kettles, and Stockport old cans."

The Congletonians are, in proverbial phraseology, "Congleton bears." They are so designated because of the couplet which is well known, and which runs thus :—

"Congleton rare, Congleton rare,
Sold the Bible to pay for the bear."

We are reminded that this charge, true or otherwise, has also been made concerning a place in Warwickshire, which is :—

"Clifton-upon-Dunsmore, in Warwickshire,
Sold the church Bible to buy a bear."

Of Hoole, the rhymster has said :—

"Hulton an' Huyton,
Ditton and Hoo',
Are three of the merriest towns
That ever a man rode through."

Of one who has loved the sterner sex "not wisely but too well," and who was leaving the county by way of Lawton to cover her disgrace, it was formerly said

"She hath given Lawton gate a clap."

"Lim is a village on the river Mersey that parts Cheshire and Lancashire, where the best hay is 'gotton,'" wrote Ray many years ago. This gave rise to the saying

"To lick up like Lymon hay."

To Macclesfield is credited at least two proverbial phrases. One of these is:—

"He feeds like a freeholder of Macclesfield who hath neither corn nor hay at Michaelmas."

Observes John Ray respecting this saying:—"Maxfield is a market town and borough of good account in this county (Cheshire), where they drive a great trade of making and selling buttons. When this came to be a proverb, it should seem the inhabitants were poorer, or worse husband-

men, than now they are." This statement somewhat explains the local phrase,

"Maxfield measure, heap, and thruch."

Elsewhere in this paper mention has been made of the Stockport old cans "for which that town was notorious in a bygone period." Higson, in his MS. Collection notes this saying :—

"A Stockport chaise
Two women riding sideways."

Carr, in his work on the "Dialect of Craven," published in 1828, speaks of Lancashire law :

"No stake, no draw."

There is a Cheshire version of this, in which "Stopford" takes the place of "Lancashire." In both versions this indicates that "such only as contribute to the liquor are entitled to drink."

Proverbs are associated with the cognomens of several Cheshire families of note or notoriety. These are Clough, Davenport, Lees, Massey, and Smithwick. One of these has reference to a very rich family descended from a wealthy Elizabethan merchant named Sir Richard Clough, as is here given in its Welsh rendering :—

"Efe a aeth ya Glough,"

meaning "he is become a Clough"—a wealthy man, a Rothschild.

Some Cheshire families are celebrated for their fecundity, if the simile here given was true :—

"As many Lees as fleas,
Masseys as asses,
And Davenports as dogs' tails."

Poverty and wealth, and fickle fortune, are indicated in the phrase,

"You been like Smithwick, either clemmed or brossten"—

either in the wilderness of want or the paradise of plenty.

Some of the qualities of human nature as witnessed in Cheshire—good, bad, and indifferent—are shown up in the proverbs already treated of, but others remain to be mentioned.

To females who "are ashamed to speak their own country dialect" after intercourse with Londoners, probably as "domestics," this common saying is applied by Cheshire folk :—

"She hath been at London to call a strea a straw, and a waw a wall."

A local application of an obvious proverb is this :—

"When the daughter is stolen, shut Pepper Gate."

Grose, the antiquary, in explaining the significance of this saying, reminds us that "'Pepper Gate' was a postern on the east side of the city of Chester," and thus relates the incidents which are believed to have given its origin to the proverb :—"The Mayor of the city (of Chester) having his daughter stolen away by a young man through that gate whilst she was playing at ball with the other maidens, His Worship, out of revenge, caused it to be closed up." This confirms the truthfulness of the Shakesperian adage that love will discover a way out of any difficulty.

When anyone wishes "to take the rise out of" another, or desires to prove that "one man is as good as another," he says :—"There is more than one yew-bow in Chester."

A very expressive compliment to the good qualities of a man is this :—

"He's a velvet true heart."

A proverb which was formerly, if not now in some places, "spoken of a house-wifely maid that grows idle after marriage, is

'She hath broken her elbow at the Church door.'"

The mills on the banks of the Dee were formerly believed by the buccolic mind to have

realised "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice," and that "the Miller of the Dee" was "as rich as Crœsus." As a strongly-worded warning against extravagance the unthrifty one would be told that

"If thou had'st the rent of Dee mills, thou woulds't spend it."

One not over endowed with brain power is satirically described by Cestrians as possessing

"As much wit as three folk—two fools and a madman."

Some advice of matrimony is given in an old Cheshire proverbial saying. It is this :—

"Better wed over the mixen than over the moor."

The word "mixen" is "that heap of compost which lies in the yards of good husbandmen." The significance of the saying is, it is preferable to marry someone in the neighbourhood rather than one who lives at a distance, whether in London or elsewhere. Ray said that the gentry in Cheshire found it "more profitable to match within their own county than to bring a bride out of other shires (1) because better acquainted with her birth and breeding, (2) because, though her portion may chance to be less to maintain her, such intermarriages in this county have been

observed both a prolonger of worshipful families, and the preserver of amity between them."

"Marry, come up my dirty cousin"

is a proverb "spoken by way of taunt to those who boast themselves of their birth, parentage, or the like."

When a statement as to time made by one to another is not sufficiently explicit, the question is put by the other :—

"But when? quoth Kettle to his mare."

Who "Kettle" was "deponent sayeth not." He has "gone to pot" without leaving much information respecting himself.

There are plenty of people to convey doleful news or sorrowful tidings all the world over, but the action is phrased thus in Cheshire :—

"He's good to fetch a sick man sorrow,
And a dead man woe."

A lack of anything is expressed :—

"To be bout as Barrow was."

There is somewhat of mystery associated with the expression :—

"To look a strained hair in a can."

Cheshire is famed the world o'er for its agricultural produce of various kinds, notably its cheese. Of this commodity it has been truly said :—

"If you will have good cheese, and have old,
You must turn him seven times before he is cold."

Concerning this proverbial advice, Mr. Carew Hazlitt writes :—"This intends, of course, to express that while a cheese is being made it must be turned so many times before the warmth has quite left the curd. But in the Cheshire cheese dairies it is always usual to continue turning the cheeses while they are maturing, so that one side may not remain too long down."

Of the famous hay of Lymm mention has been made, but farmers are warned that

"Hanged hay never does cattle,"

the word "does" (pronounced "doze") meaning "fattens," the whole meaning, according to Wilbraham, that "bought hay, which has been weighed in the scales, is not economical."

"'Twould take an acre to keep a peewit."

This is an old saying, and has reference to "undrained land, such as is frequented by peewits."

A stout person is

"Cheshire bred, beef down to th' heels."

A disagreeable person is said to be

"Best by hissell, like Lowndes' tup."

Leigh tells us that "a man with a red, coarse, blotchy countenance is described in Cheshire as possessing

"A face like a Buckley panmug,"

the said Buckley being in Flintshire, where coarse red earthenware is produced.

A bargain, or other matter, which is unfair, or a thing unsymmetrical, is described as being

"All on one side, like Marton Chapel,"

and

"All on one side, like Parkgate."

The one-sidedness of Marton chapel remains to be satisfactorily explained, but the Wilmslowites commonly talk of it as being so. The variant, relating to Parkgate, "is said of anything that is lop-sided." "Parkgate," says Mr. Robert Holland, "is a fishing village on the Cheshire side of the Dee, consisting of one long street with houses on one side only, the sea wall being on the other side."

Mobberley Church clock has attained notoriety

through its delinquencies or unfaithful recording of time. This failing is noted in the saying :—

"Always behind, like Mebberley clock."

"As fair as Lady Done,"

or

"There's a Lady Done for you!"

are variants of Cheshire expression which originated through the excellent character and gentle manners borne by a certain Lady Done who dwelt at Utkinton Hall, near Tarporley, and is used as an expression of praise to one of the "weaker sex." It is current at Kelsall, and is of ancient origin.

The paradoxical Cheshire phrase,

"An old thing and a young thing, both of an age"

is explained by Leigh in this way :—"A young girl of eighteen sold a very old gander to a purchaser. He reproached her with having told a lie in saying the bird was young. 'Why, you don't call me ould!' said the girl, 'and mother allis said gander was hatched the same day I was born!'"

This couplet tells its own story :—

"As long as Helsby Hill wears a hood,
The weather's never very good."

A crowded state is expressed in this language :

"As thrunk as Cheddle Wakes, noo reeam areet,"

meaning there is no room "out of doors."

The proverbial exclamation,

"Any, good Lord, before none"

is said by Mr. Holland to have originated in this way :—A spinster of uncertain age was rising one morning, and was at her matutinal devotions by her bedside. Amongst other things she prayed for a husband. It was an old thatched house, and a thatcher, who was repairing the thatch, just at that moment stuck his spattle into the thatch, and lifted a portion up to insert some more straw. Through the opening thus made he overheard the petition, and immediately asked, 'Please 'm, would a thatcher do?' The good lady took it as a voice from heaven, and, in a spirit of humble resignation, replied in the words which afterwards became a proverb, 'Any, good Lord, before none!'"

Here are some Cestrian proverbial similes :—

"Like Goodyear's pig, never well but when he is doing mischief,"

which conveys its own meaning.

"Like ones' owd Matty Tasker's jarlers"

has reference to the wonderful stories—in more senses than one—told by one Matty Tasker, or to anything remarkable in other respects.

Any profitless attempt is said to be

"Like stopping an oon wi' butter."

Persons of "one idea" or "self-opinionated" are likened to a certain Cestrian clergyman, or to be

"Like the parson of Saddleworth, who could read in no book but his own,"

and with him we must lay down our pen.

A-Souling Song.

IN the pages of "Bygone Cheshire," it seems a fitting place to print an example of a-souling song. On All Souls' eve it was customary for both children and grown-up people to go from door to door a-souling—*i.e.*, begging for soul cakes, or anything else good-natured folk were disposed to give. In some parts of the county a play was performed, but in all instances the following, or a similar song, was sung :—

"You gentlemen of England, pray you now draw near
To these few lines, and you soon shall hear
Sweet melody of music all on this evening clear.
For we are come a-souling, for apples and strong beer.

Step down into your cellar, and see what you can find,
If your barrels are not empty, we hope you will prove kind ;
We hope you will prove kind with your apples and strong beer,
We'll come no more a-souling until another year.

Cold winter it is coming on, dark, dirty, wet, and cold,
To try your good nature this night we do make bold ;
This night we do make bold with your apples and strong beer,
And we'll come no more a-souling until another year.

All the houses that we've been at we've had both meat and drink,
So now we're dry with travelling, we hope you'll on us think ;
We hope you'll on us think with your apples and strong beer,
For we'll come no more a-souling until another year.

God bless the master of this house, and the mistress also,
And all the little children that round the table go ;
Likewise your men and maidens, your cattle and your store,
And all that lies within your gates we wish you ten times more :
We wish you ten times more with your apples and strong beer,
And we'll come no more a-souling until another year."

President Bradshaw.

By Thomas Cooper.

JOHN BRADSHAW, who presided at the trial of Charles the First, and generally called "the Regicide," was one of the most conspicuous men of the times in which he lived. He was engaged in public life at a period when party spirit ran high, and the nation was engaged in a sanguinary and fearful civil war. While one class of writers have held him forth as a man of great talents and virtues, others have stigmatised him with every opprobrious epithet the English language is capable of. He was descended from an old landed family, and was one of the sons of Henry Bradshaw, of Marple, and Wibbersley, near Stockport, and was born at Wibbersley Hall a short time before Christmas, 1602, and was baptised at the Parish Church of Stockport on the 10th December in that year. The entry in the church Register is as follows :—

"December, 1602.
John the Sonne of Henry Bradshaw of Marple
baptised the tenth traitor"

Some one (no doubt a too zealous Royalist) has written in a more modern hand opposite the entry the word "traitor."

At what age he went to school is not known, but he was educated at Bunbury School, Cheshire (under the celebrated Vicar of Acton, Edward Burghall), and at Middleton, in Lancashire. By his will he bequeathed £500 to each of these schools for increasing the constant wages of the master and usher. From tradition we learn that he also went for a time to King Edward's Grammar School at Macclesfield, but whether that is true is not very certain. It has, however, been handed down to posterity that, when leaving Macclesfield school, he wrote or traced on one of the tombstones in the churchyard there the following strange but prophetic lines :—

> "My Brother Harry must heir the land,
> My Brother Frank must be at his command ;
> Whilst I, poor Jack, shall do that
> Which all the world will wonder at."

Soon after leaving school he was articled or apprenticed, when very young, to an attorney in Congleton, but he afterwards went to Gray's Inn to keep his terms, and was called to the Bar in 1627, when he was twenty-five years old. He

returned to Congleton about 1630, and followed his profession there as a Councillor-at-Law, and was that year appointed Councillor to the Corporation, and had the honour of the freedom of the Borough conferred upon him, which at that time was considered a very great one, it being given or conferred only on Peers or other important individuals. The ceremony appears to have been a convivial one, from the following entry in the Corporation books :—

"Spent on Sacke (spiced Wine) and Beare (Ale) at the making Mr. Bradshawe a Freeman VII$^{s.}$"

His popularity and influence must have gradually increased, for, in 1637, he was appointed Attorney-General for Cheshire and Flintshire, and the same year Mayor of Congleton. There can be but little doubt but that his personal attention was given during his Mayoralty to the welfare and good government of the town. If there is anything reliable in tradition, he lived in no mean style (in a half-timbered Elizabethan House in Lawton Street, on the site of which Dr. Warrington's house now stands), keeping a sufficient retinue of servants and other appendages suitable to the times and his position, and it is pretty clear that while Mayor he expected the homage due to

his position as such, as appears by the following entries from the Corporation books at the time :—

"Burgue of Congleton County Ceste } *Certeyne* orders Lawes and Ordenances sett downe by the Maior Aldermen and *Comon* Councelle of the town aforesaid for the better *Regiment* and *government* of the *Inhabitance* of the same and *preservacon* of peace and good order there the nyne and twentiethe (29th) daie of September in the 13th year of the Raigne of his gracious ma^ty^ Kinge Charles Ano. Dom. 1637.

John Bradshawe Esq Maior. and the names of eight Aldermen and sixteen common Councillors follow.

'That the Aldermen in theire Gowns the rest of the Comon Council in theire cloakes and the ffreemen with their Halbeards attend the Maior at ffairs, etc., and the Constables and 5 ffreemen with their several Halbeards attend the Maior unto and from the Chappell every Sunday, etc.'"

A number of other orders and regulations were made, some of which would be considered silly and puritanical, and too stringent in the present day, but still they were not new, as some of an identical character had been passed half a century before, and, having become obsolete, were revived. One of the previous orders was made on the 6th October, 1585, and is as follows :—

"That every person who now is of the Council of this Town and is or hath heretofore been Bailiff or Catchpole shall have at their owne Charges before the *1st May* next

a Gown and wear the same, and also all other persons of the Council shall have of their own Charges a gown or seemly black Cloak, etc., and wear the same every Fair Day that the Maior shall walke *on pain of forfeiting 20s.*"

There was some difficulty in carrying out this order, but what it was is not stated; but on the 27th April following, the time was extended from the 1st May to the 15th August following to enable them to appear in proper costume. So it would appear, notwithstanding the statements of some authors to the contrary, Bradshaw required no more show in his office as Mayor than his predecessors in office had done.

In 1640, Bradshaw was appointed Judge of the Sheriffs' Court in Guildhall, London, which office he held till his death. In 1641 he was appointed Recorder of Newcastle-under-Lyne. He removed to London about the year 1643, and lived in Basinghall Street, London, for some years, and in 1644 was engaged for the first time by Parliament as Counsel with Mr. Prynne and Mr. Newdigate to prosecute Lords McMahon and Macquire, two Irish rebels, and in the same year he was appointed High Sheriff of Lancashire. In 1645, he was elected Junior Counsel to the Parliament, and in the following year was chosen

a Commissioner of the Great Seal, but this was not confirmed by the House of Lords. On February 22nd, 1646-7 both Houses did "ordaine, nominate, and appoint John Bradshawe, Esq., Chief Justice of Chester, fflint, Denbigh, and Montgomery." He was selected with the celebrated William Prynne to prosecute the Royalist Judge Jenkins, and on October 12th, 1648, he was, by order of Parliament, created Sergeant-at-Law; but the most memorable of all his appointments, about the same time as the last, was his appointment by the House of Commons to be Lord President of the Court which was to try Charles the First. He was also one of the Members of Parliament for the County of Chester for some years, and on one of his elections he was strongly opposed by the influence of Oliver Cromwell, whom he had given umbrage to in some way.

Some time prior to 1655 he had been appointed High Steward of Congleton, but in that year he resigned the appointment as there was some hitch between him and the town authorities. About this time he was living at Greenway Hall, an old-fashioned stone mansion which belonged to him, about eight miles from Congleton, between the

Potteries and Leek. Ward's History of Stoke-upon-Trent, published 1843, page 106, says "the house belonged to Judge Bradshaw, *a man damned to everlasting fame as President of the High Court.* That it was pulled down about twenty-five years before he wrote, by the then proprietor of the estate, in expectation, as it was said (though perhaps falsely), that some of the President's 'Blood Money' might have been found concealed in the Building, but of which none, as we are aware, was discovered. A farm house now occupies the site." While residing there, his neighbours seemed to have gone to him for advice, as at page 531 of Ward's book there is an opinion given by Bradshawe, in 1656, respecting the highways of the township of Tunstall, near to Greenway Hall.

After Cromwell had dissolved the Long Parliament on the 20th April, 1653, he proceeded to the place where the Council of State was sitting, with Bradshaw at their head as President, and addressed them in the following language:—"If you gentlemen are met here as private persons you shall not be disturbed, but if as a Council of State this is no place for you, since you cannot but know what was done in the House in

the morning, so take notice that the Parliament is dissolved," upon which Bradshaw, with his usual spirit and independence, replied, "Sir, we have heard what you did in the House in the morning, and before many hours all England will have heard it, but, sir, you are mistaken in thinking Parliament is dissolved, for no power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves, therefore take you notice of that." But Cromwell, notwithstanding the protest of Bradshaw (knowing he had the army at his back), had his own way, and, having refused the Crown which was repeatedly offered to him, in a short time became "The Lord Protector of England," etc.

Shortly before this event happened, the Congleton Corporation bought a Mace for the Mayor, which is considered by judges one of the finest in England, and was always considered as a Royalist or Restoration Mace on account of the motto, initials, and date upon it as follows :—

"The ffredome of England by God's Blessing restored C. R. 1661."

But, in 1872, the idea of it being a Royalty or Restoration Mace was dispelled, for in that year the late Mr Thos. Hughes, of Chester, discovered, on examining it, that the hall mark upon it

showed that it was made during the Republic, and was not a Restoration Mace at all. Upon this discovery the late Town Clerk (John Wilson, LL.D.), after an exhaustive search amongst the Corporation Accounts and Records, discovered the whole of its history, not only when it was bought and what it cost in 1651, but also what it cost to alter it in 1661 to give it its present appearance.

So that this Bauble was bought by a Republican Town Council for show of republican grandeur, but the fact that it had been paid for by Alderman Richard Parnell, a member of the same family from which the present Lord Congleton, the late C. S. Parnell, Esq., M.P., and the poet Parnell are descended, was unknown until the discovery by the Town Clerk. This Parnell, his father and brothers, were leading and ruling spirits in the government of the town. But the Alderman soon received back his money, for about the same time a Joane Davis, of London, died, having left a legacy of £50 to the poor of Congleton, the greater portion of which was paid over to the Alderman to recoup him his outlay, and the balance was expended for town purposes. This Alderman was the brother, and

not the uncle, of the Thomas Parnell who was the trustee of the President's will as stated by some historians. (See Head's History of Congleton, p. 107.)

There is nothing far-fetched in the idea that Bradshaw, who, we believe, was High Steward of the Borough at that time, suggested the motto. But a more extraordinary thing connected with this business is this: that in 1884, when I was Mayor of the town, the Town Council were called upon by the Charity Commissioners of England and Wales to pay over to them Joane Davis' legacy, with interest upon it since they had it, and under threat of proceedings it was paid to them, but we got out of the payment of interest, because we said we had applied it in relieving the poor year by year.

It is stated in Yates' History of Congleton that it is not known whether Bradshaw was ever married or not, but this is a mistake. He was married to the only daughter of John Marbury, of Marbury, near Knutsford, but left no issue, and she died before him, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, but her body was disinterred 9th December, 1661, and reburied in the yard of the Abbey. By his will, dated 22nd March, 1653, he

appointed his wife sole executrix and Thomas Parnell (as before stated), one of the trustees of his will, and in it he called him his "trustie" servant. Bradshaw died in 1659, and his wife being dead and his brother Henry having renounced, the will was proved by his nephew, Henry Bradshaw, in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, on the 16th day of December, 1659. He left considerable property, and on the restoration it is said that the whole of it was confiscated by the Government of Charles the Second. It is also stated by some historians that nearly two years after his death his body was removed, like that of the renowned Admiral Blake, out of the grave, by order of the Government, and drawn on a sledge to Tyburn, where it was suspended on a gallows with the bodies of Pride, Cromwell, and Ireton.* That this is not altogether a reliable statement must be judged by the circumstances that he died on the 1st November, 1659, and the body was taken from the grave on the 30th January, 1661. But supposing the body was interred in London as stated, after it had been in the grave fifteen months, is it possible, or even

* Ireton died on the 26th November, 1651, ten years before, and thus confirms the improbability of the story.

probable, that it was in a state to be either hanged or beheaded, or even to be removed from its resting-place. I strongly suspect that the account was invented and circulated, as many others were, by the Royalist faction who were guilty at that period of almost any degrading or tyrannical acts, and the writers of that period, either unthinkingly or wickedly, circulated broadcast all kinds of reports. A mock funeral was certainly made for Milton, Cromwell's Latin Secretary after the Restoration, when the reign of terror began, and all the oaths which the profligate Charles Stuart had so solemnly taken were wantonly violated. The deception had the desired effect upon Milton's enemies, for they believed him to be dead, and, in consequence, he was not included amongst the persons excepted in the act of oblivion. (See Archbishop Blackburn's Memoirs of the munificent Thos. Hollis, page 789.) Bradshaw's friends, no doubt, encouraged the report that he had died in London, and that a sham funeral might be got up, as was the case with his fellow labourer in establishing the Commonwealth, viz., Milton. Years ago a copy of the following epitaph was often seen posted up in the Houses in the United States, and throws

some light upon the principles of the people, and may in some measure account for the great asperity of the English Tory faction during the war carried on against them—the War of Independence. The original epitaph was engraven on a cannon on the summit of a steep hill near Martha's Bay in Jamaica :—

"Stranger
ere thou pass contemplate this Cannon nor regardless be told
That near its base lies the dust of John Bradshaw.
Who nobly superior to selfish regards
Despising alike the pageantry of courtly splendour
The blast of Calumny
And the terror of Royal Vengeance
Presided over the illustrious band of Heroes and Patriots
Who fairly and openly adjudged Charles Stuart Tyrant of England to a public and exemplary death thereby presenting to the amazed world and transmitting through applauding ages the most glorious example of unshaken virtue love and Freedom and impartial Justice ever exhibited on the blood-stained theatre of human actions. Oh ! Reader pass not on till thou hast blessed his memory and never never forget that rebellion against tyrants Is obedience to God."

With regard to Bradshaw, Mr Earwaker in his History of East Cheshire, vol. 2, page 73, amongst other remarks, says : "Such is a short summary of the chief events in the life of this celebrated man. It is no part of my task here to enter upon the oft-debated question as to the

merits of his conduct, except to remind those who sit in judgment upon his career to consider the times in which he lived, and to try to realise the bitter feelings which actuated both parties whilst in power. Apparently by no wish of his own he was forced to occupy the unenviable position of a subject who had to sit in judgment upon his Sovereign, and, in consequence, his life has been held up to public ignominy, and all the sins of his party have been visited upon him. It seems probable, however, that the more the details of his life are investigated, the more conspicuous will the general integrity and honesty of his character appear, and it will become more and more apparent that throughout the whole of his life he was actuated by the most disinterested motives for what he considered the advantage of his native country." With respect to Cromwell, Lord Macaulay, in his History of England, observes (vol. 1, p. 74) "Cromwell was no more, and those who had fled before him turned against each other," and at page 94 of the same vol. he says: "The Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames and burned the ships of war which lay at Chatham." It was said that on the very day of that great humiliation the King feasted with the ladies of

his seraglio, and amused himself with hunting a moth about the supper room. Then, at length, tardy justice was done to the memory of Cromwell. Everywhere men magnified his valour, genius, and patriotism. Everywhere it was remembered how, when he was ruler, all foreign nations had trembled at the name of England, how the States general so haughty had crouched at his feet, and how, when it was known that he was no more, Amsterdam was lighted up as for a great deliverance, and children ran along the canals, shouting for joy "that the Devil was dead." This brings us back to the question of the execution of Charles First, and, with respect to that, Lord Macaulay says (vol. 1, p. 61): "In no long time it became manifest that those political and religious zealots, to whom this deed had to be ascribed, had committed not only a crime, but an error." There are not many persons but will concur in that opinion, but in order to consider this question in an impartial manner, it must ever be borne in mind his outrageous attempts to destroy the liberties of his subjects, his impeachments, trying to seize the members, his extortions, exactions, and the cruelties which were committed by his Ministers,

which he did not attempt to prevent, but approved of, led a certain portion of his subjects (the Puritans especially), whom he had mercilessly persecuted, to regard him not as a Protestant but really a rank Papist, and so notorious was his duplicity no reliance could be placed on his word, and no treachery, of which his subjects might not with some show of reason believe him capable; in fact, it was whispered that the rebellion of the Roman Catholics of Ulster was part of a vast work of darkness which had been concocted and planned at Whitehall. A large number of this party considered if subjects were to be put to death as traitors for violations of the law, a King who by his coronation oath bound himself to observe the law, was as much amenable to its provisions if he violated them as a subject should be. They did not believe in the dogma that a King can do no wrong and is above all law, but considered the necessity of the times and the safety of the state demanded it. They acted upon the biblical doctrine (in fact some of them took it as a text, and preached from it) "Bind their Kings in chains and their Princes in fetters of iron."

With many persons it is a grave question

whether the punishment of death ought to be inflicted under any circumstances for any crime whatever, and, no doubt, it would have been far better if the Roundheads had allowed him to depart the Realm the same as his son James the Second afterwards did through perpetrating similar, if not worse, crimes. He might then have joined his wife who, it is much to be feared, was his "evil genius," and led him into most, if not all, his troubles.

But with respect to Bradshaw, we think Mr. Earwaker has put his conduct in the right light. We are not aware of any memorial that exists respecting him, except the epitaph or inscription on the cannon before referred to, but to the renowned Blake, only three years ago, a memorial window to his memory was placed in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, and was publicly unveiled by Lord Charles Beresford. The window is a three-light one. The top portion of the left hand side is devoted to Michael, the Archangel, overcoming the Dragon. In the centre, the disciple Peter's attempt to walk on the sea is depicted, and our Lord is extending a helping hand to save him from being engulfed in the waves. The right light contains the figure of the

Angel of the Sea, as described in the 10th chapter of the Book of Revelations. Underneath these larger pictures there are three smaller ones, chosen from the life and death of Blake. An inscription, which is on a brass plate, is as follows :—

> To the glory of God, and to the memory of Colonel Robert Blake, Admiral at sea and chief Founder of England's Naval Supremacy, Died August 7th, 1657. Ejected from his grave in the Abbey, and buried in St. Margaret's Church, 1661.

The citizens of Manchester, a few years ago, fixed a statue of Cromwell in a conspicuous position near their Cathedral, and the Reform Club in London have a fine bust of him by Noble in their club room, presented by T. B. Potter, Esq., M.P. for Rochdale, but there is nothing in Congleton or elsewhere that I know of, except the inscription on the cannon before mentioned. Was he more guilty than Oliver or the other Regicides? and yet Dr. D'Aubigne, in his life of Oliver Cromwell, confirms what we have before stated, as follows: "Yet Oliver accomplished an immense work for his times, and England should now raise to him a Monument or Triumphal Arch with this inscription :—

> 'To the Founder of Religious Liberty.'"

Would the Congleton people be praised or blamed if they put up some Memorial near Bradshaw's old residence which the present worthy owner of the house built on its site calls "*Bradshaw House?*"

Thomas Parnell, Poet.

AFTER a life of happiness mingled with sorrow, the Rev. Thomas Parnell, D.D., the poet, died at Chester, and his mortal remains found a resting-place in Trinity Church. His ancestors were natives of Cheshire, and of long standing at Congleton. It does not, therefore, seem out of place for the poet to be buried in the land of his forefathers.

The poet's grandfather, Tobias Parnell, was a painter, and the father of seven sons and three daughters. Amongst the sons was Thomas, father of the poet, who, in manhood, occupied a good position. He was on friendly terms with President Bradshaw, and in his will is called his "trustie servant, Thomas Parnell." He, with two others, were appointed the President's trustees and executors. At the Restoration, Parnell left England and settled in Ireland. He married an Irish lady, and bought an estate in the county of Wicklow, where he resided. His son, the poet,

was born at Dublin in 1679. He was sent to Trinity College in his native city, and made considerable progress as a scholar, gaining at the age of twenty the degree of M.A., and was shortly afterwards ordained deacon. He had many friends, and he advanced in his sacred office. In 1705 he was appointed Archdeacon of Clogher. Dean Swift introduced him to Archbishop King, and this prelate, in 1713, presented to him a Prebend's stall, and three years later with the Vicarage of Finglas, near Dublin. Here the living was £400 a year, and regarded in those days as a large income. He married Ann Minchin, a lady of great beauty and noble character. The happy union was not of long duration. They were blessed with three children, but only one survived her father, and their mother died at an early age.

Like Swift, he disliked Ireland, and was more at home amongst his gifted London friends, who included Pope, Gray, and Addison, than in his native land. He was a charming companion, and an accomplished scholar.

"The fame of Parnell," says James Prior, "rests on 'The Hermit,' one of the most beautiful poems in our language. . . . His characteristics

are ease, sweetness, and dignity." His works have been described as miscellaneous, including translations, songs, hymns, epistles, etc. "Very good" was the criticism passed by Pope on Parnell's poetry, and other leading men of letters were equally flattering.

Intemperance, brought on through sorrow for the loss of his amiable wife, cast a shadow over the closing years of his life. Much of his time he spent in London, and it was on his way to Ireland that his end came at Chester in the month of July, 1717.

Goldsmith wrote his life, and, perhaps, ranked him too high as a poet. A summary of Goldsmith's work finds a place in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." Parnell's best known poem is "The Hermit." Several others reach a high standard of merit, and give him a permanent place in English literature.

It is to be regretted that no monument marks the last resting-place of the poet, but his best memorial is, and will ever remain, his poems.

Bishop Heber.

By John T. Page.

"From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

"IF a re-union of our churches could be effected, the harvest of the heathen would ere long be reaped, and the work of the Lord would advance among them with a celerity of which we have now no experience."

In these latter days of the nineteenth century, when the re-union of Christendom is being so much discussed, it is, perhaps, not out of place to commence this short account of the saintly Bishop Heber with the foregoing memorable words. The letter from which they are quoted is dated 3rd June, 1824, and throughout it breathes a "spirit of meekness and conciliation" towards the pioneer Baptist Missionaries, Carey and Marshman, whom the newly-appointed Bishop characterises as "honoured brethren," and his "superiors both in age and talent." The correspondence

and friendly intercourse thus initiated continued without break till Heber's untimely death, and nothing more clearly proves the truth of the words that he "always appeared more anxious to promote the general good of the country (India) than his own section of the Church."

Reginald Heber was born in the Rectory House of Malpas, Cheshire, on 21st April, 1783. In the "Higher Rectory," as it is called, is still pointed out the room in which he first saw the light, and at St. Chad's Church, Shrewsbury, may be seen the font in which he was baptised.* His father had married twice, and Reginald was the eldest son of the second marriage. It may here be noted that his half-brother, Richard, became one of the most noted bibliophiles of his time, his collection of books reaching some 500,000 volumes.

Young Reginald Heber received his early education at Whitchurch Grammar School. Thence, in the year 1800, he proceeded to Brazenose College, Oxford, of which his father had formerly been tutor. He is said to have literally taken the place by storm, for not only did he

* Reginald was baptised in Malpas Church, but the font was subsequently removed to Shrewsbury.

quickly form innumerable close friendships, but forthwith laid the foundation of a most brilliant college career. Before he had been a year in residence he carried off the Chancellor's Prize for a Latin poem on "The Commencement of the New Century," and two years later he produced his famous poem "Palestine," which won the prize for English verse. This masterly production is one of the few prize poems which still hold a high place in popular estimation. In its manuscript stage it benefited by the criticism of Sir Walter Scott, who was then on a visit to Oxford. It was eventually recited in the theatre before an immense audience which had assembled to witness the installation of the great Duke of Wellington as Chancellor.

In 1805 young Heber took his B.A. degree, gained a prize for a prose essay on "The Sense of Honour," and was elected Fellow of All Souls'. Shortly afterwards, in the company of his friend John Thornton, he set out for an extended tour on the Continent, during which he made a careful study of the men and manners of Germany and Russia. Immediately on his return he proceeded to the degree of M.A., and was ordained, after which he was instituted to the family living of

Hodnet, co. Salop. The same year he married Miss Amelia Shipley, daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph.

Thus at the early age of twenty-four Heber had fairly and propitiously launched out on the arduous life of a parish priest. No man could have been better equipped for his work. With talents of no mean order, and sympathies of the broadest, he united the high-minded principles of a Tory and a High Churchman, and at all times discharged his duties with scrupulous care and unostentatious piety.

It was not long before Heber began writing hymns, and we have it on good authority that from the year 1811 until the end of his life, the idea of a recognised Church Hymn Book was never absent from his mind. He also now became a frequent contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and filled up his spare time with the congenial task of editing the works of Jeremy Taylor. His preferments in the Church followed in rapid succession. In 1815 he delivered the Bampton lectures, in 1817 he was made Prebendary of St. Asaph, and in 1822 was appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn.

An interesting note may here be made of the

fact that in 1819, while visiting his father-in-law, Dean Shipley, at Wrexham, he wrote for the Whit-Sunday service of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel his celebrated hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Although the words of this hymn do not, strictly speaking, now hold good, owing to the rapid progress of Christianity since Heber's time, no missionary hymn has ever superseded it in the popular estimation. Other well-known hymns of Heber's, which are to be found in the books of all denominations, are those commencing :—

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning."
"Jesus Christ is risen to-day."
"Lord of Mercy and of Might."
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." *

We now come to that period of Heber's short life when he was to leave England and all the scenes of his early triumphs for ever. In the latter part of the year 1822 he was offered the Bishopric of Calcutta, which had just become vacant through the death of the first Bishop, Dr. Middleton. A most momentous crisis in his existence had now to be faced, and his decision was looked for with the keenest interest by

* The latest edition of Heber's Hymns was published in 1878.

all his friends. At first he felt he durst not accept such an immense responsibility, and that for the sake of his beloved wife and child he must decline to go. Ultimately, however, his missionary zeal conquered : he realised that the call to service had come from God, and that at all hazards it must be promptly obeyed.

The see of Calcutta not only embraced India, but practically included the whole of the Eastern Hemisphere, so that its extent might be described as practically boundless.

Bishop Heber set sail for India on the 16th of June, 1823, and duly reached Calcutta, after an uneventful voyage, on the 10th of October of the same year. His "Indian Journal" graphically pourtrays much of what he saw and passed through during the brief years that followed. It starts on the day he left England, and abruptly terminates on the 15th of March, 1826. In less than three weeks from this date he was at rest for ever from all his earthly labours. His life in India, from beginning to end, was one of the most magnificent examples of apostolic zeal that the English Church has ever seen. He seemed never to grow weary in his work, or to lack the necessary spirit wherewith to carry it on. He had completed a

long and laborious visitation in 1825, and in the early months of 1826 he started out again on the same errand. On Saturday, 1st April, he arrived at Trichinopoly. The following Sunday was spent in exhortation, confirmation, and other exhausting duties, and on Monday he went at six o'clock in the morning to visit the native Christians in the fort, and conducted divine service there. Returning to the house in which he was staying, he proceeded to refresh himself with a warm bath. As he remained longer than usual his servant became alarmed, and entering the room, found his beloved master quite dead at the bottom of the bath. All efforts to restore animation were unavailing—the Bishop's valuable life had been suddenly terminated by a stroke of apoplexy.

It has been well said by a native admirer that Bishop Heber's talents and virtues "rendered his course in life, from the moment that he was crowned with academical honours till the day of his death, one track of light, the admiration of Britain and of India."

There is nothing which strikes the reader of Heber's Journal and Correspondence so forcibly as the deep sympathy which it displays with all the different types of humanity with which he came into

contact. Men of the world, priests of the Roman Catholic Church, Nonconformists, and devotees of the many religions of India—towards all alike his large heart yearned, and with the utmost tact and consideration he made himself conversant with their ideas and aspirations. He possessed the art of changing places, as it were, with any one with whom he was conversing, and in this character he seldom made a false move or formed a wrong judgment, and even when his words did not convince they rarely failed to engender love and respect. He spent only two years and a half on Indian soil, and yet, after his death, the names of many of the heathen are found side by side with those of Christians as subscribers to the fine monument erected to his memory in St. George's Cathedral, Madras. To the truth of this assertion, the inscription, as follows, written by Archdeacon Robinson, still testifies :—

M.S.

Viri admodum Reverendi et Christo patris,
Reginaldi Heber, S.T.P.
Episcopi Calcuttensis ;
Qui ab ipsâ statim adolescentiâ,
Ingenii famâ, Humanitatis cultu
Omnigenâque Doctrinæ laude ornatissimus,
Se suaque Deo humillimè consecravit,
In sanctissimum Episcopatûs ordinem adscriptus,

Ecclesiæ apud Indos Anglicanæ infantiam
Usque ad vitæ jacturam, aluit, fovit, sustentavit.
Admirabili ingenii candore,
Suavissimâ morum simplicitate,
Divinâque animi benevolentiâ,
Usque adeo omnes sibi devinxerat,
Ut Ecclesia universa Patrem,
Ethnici Patronum carissimum desiderarent.
Subitâ morte præreptus
Juxta Urbem Trichinopolim
Mortales Exuvias deposuit, Aprilis die III.
Anno Salutis MDCCCXXVI, Ætatis XLIII,
Episcopatûs III.
Madrasenses, non solum Christiani
Sed et Ethnici,
Principes, Magnates, Pauperes,
Ad hoc marmor extruendum
Uno consensu adfuerunt.

Another and simpler inscription perpetuates Heber's memory near the place of his burial at Trichinopoly :—

Sacred
to the memory of
Reginald Heber, D.D.
Lord Bishop of Calcutta,
who was here
suddenly called to his eternal rest
during his visitation
of the Southern Provinces
of his extensive diocese
on the 3rd of April,
A.D. MDCCCXXVI.
" Be ye also ready."

A cenotaph to the memory of Bishop Heber has been placed at the east end of the south choir aisle in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was executed by the sculptor Chantrey, and depicts the good Bishop in a kneeling attitude, with his right hand upon his breast and his left hand reposing upon a Bible. On the pedestal are carved in relief his coat of arms and a scene representing Bishop Heber confirming two Indian converts. Below is the following inscription :—

To the memory of
Reginald Heber, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta,
this monument was erected by those who loved and admired him.
His character exhibited a rare union
of fervent zeal with universal tolerance,
of brilliant talent with sober judgment
and was especially distinguished by Christian humility
which no applause could disturb no success abate.
He cheerfully resigned prospects of eminence at home,
in order to become
the chief missionary of Christianity in the East :
and having in the short space of three years
visited the greater part of India
and conciliated the affection and veneration
of men of every class of religion,
he was there summoned to receive the reward of his labours
in the XLIII° year of his age MDCCCXXVI.

Thou art gone to the grave but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb ;
Thy Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide ;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Punishing Scolding Women.

IN bygone days scolding women were treated as offenders against the public peace, and for their transgressions were subjected to several cruel modes of punishment. The corporations of towns during the middle ages made their own regulations for punishing persons guilty of crimes which were not rendered penal by the laws of the land. Two popular modes of punishing women who used their tongues too freely was the ducking-stool for dipping them in water, and the brank, or scold's bridle, for tying the tongue.

The brank appears to be more generally employed in Cheshire than any other mode for curing scolds. It is sometimes called the gossip's bridle, and in the Macclesfield town records it is designated "a brydle for a curste queane." In the term "queane" we have the old English synonym for a woman; now the chief woman, the Queen. The brank is not of such great antiquity as the ducking-stool, for the earliest mention of it we have been able to find in this country is in the

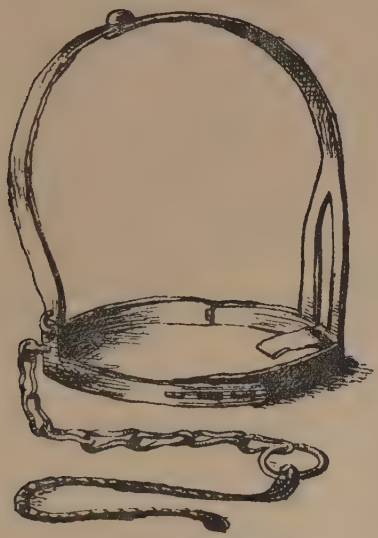
Corporation records of Macclesfield, of the year 1623. At an earlier period we have traces of it in Scotland. In Glasgow burgh records it is stated that in 1574 two scolds were condemned to be "branket." The Kirk-session records of Stirling for 1600 mention the "brankes" as a punishment for the shrew. It is generally believed that the punishment is of Continental origin.

The brank may be described simply as an iron framework, which was placed on the head, enclosing it in a kind of cage; it had in front a plate of iron, which, either sharpened or covered with spikes, was so situated as to be placed in the mouth of the victim, and if she attempted to move her tongue in any way whatever, it was certain to be shockingly injured. With the brank on her head she was conducted through the streets, led by a chain, held by one of the town's officials, an object of contempt, and subjected to the jeers of the crowd and often left to their mercy. In some towns it was the custom to chain the culprit to pillory, whipping-post, or market-cross. She thus suffered for telling her mind to some petty tyrant in office, or speaking plainly to a wrong-doer, or for taking to task a lazy and perhaps a drunken husband.

Dr. Brushfield wrote in 1858 an exhaustive

account of the Cheshire branks. The Congleton brank was noticed at length. "It was," says Dr. Brushfield, "formerly in the hands of the town jailer, whose services were not infrequently called into requisition. In the old-fashioned, half-timbered houses in the borough, there was generally fixed on one side of the large open fire-places a hook, so that, when a man's wife indulged her scolding propensities, the husband sent for the town jailer to bring the bridle, and had her bridled and chained to the hook until she promised to behave herself better for the future. I have seen one of these hooks, and have often heard husbands say to their wives: 'If you don't rest with your tongue I'll send for the bridle and hook you up.' The Mayor and Justices frequently brought the instrument into use; for when women were brought before them charged with street-brawling, and insulting the constables and others while in the discharge of their duty, they have ordered them to be bridled and led through the borough by the jailor. The last time this bridle was publicly used was in 1824, when a woman was brought before the Mayor (Bulkely Johnson, Esq.) one Monday, charged with scolding and using harsh language to the

churchwardens and constables as they went, on the Sunday morning, round the town to see that all the public-houses were empty and closed during divine service. On examination, a Mr. Richard Edwards stated on oath 'that on going round the town with the churchwardens on the

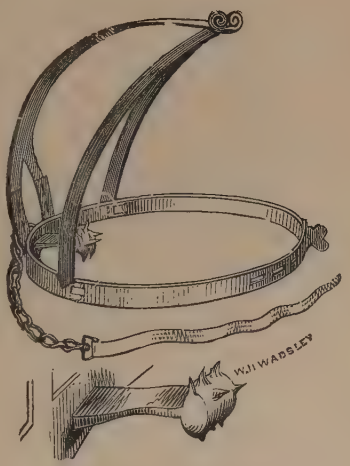


BRANK AT CONGLETON.

previous day, they met the woman (Ann Runcorn) in a place near 'The Cockshoot,' and that immediately seeing them she commenced a sally of abuse, calling them all the scoundrels and rogues she could lay her tongue to; and telling them 'it would look better of them if they would

look after their own houses rather than go looking after other folks, which were far better than their own.' After other abuse of a like character, they thought it only right to apprehend her, and so brought her before the Bench on the following day. The Mayor then delivered the following sentence: 'That it is the unanimous decision of the Mayor and Justices that the prisoner (Ann Runcorn) there and then have the town's bridle for scolding women put upon her, and that she be led by the magistrates' clerk's clerk through every street in the town, as an example to all scolding women; and that the Mayor and magistrates were much obliged to the churchwardens for bringing the case before them.'" "In this case," Mr. Warrington, who who furnished Dr. Brushfield with the foregoing information, adds: "I both heard the evidence and saw the decision carried out. The bridle was put on the woman, and she was then led through the town by one Prosper Haslam, the town clerk's clerk, accompanied by hundreds of the inhabitants; and on her return to the Town Hall the bridle was taken off in the presence of the Mayor, magistrates, constables, churchwardens, and assembled inhabitants."

In Cheshire, at the present time, there are traces of thirteen branks, and at Stockport is the most brutal example of the English branks. "It will be observed," says the local historian, Dr. Henry Heginbotham, J.P., "that the special characteristic of this brank is the peculiar construction of the tongue-plate or gag. It is about two inches long, having at the end, as may be seen in the engraving, a ball, into which is inserted a number of sharp iron pins, three on the upper surface, three on the lower, and two pointing backwards. These could not fail to pin the tongue, and effectually silence the noisiest brawler. At the fore part of the collar there is an iron chain, with a leathern thong attached, by which the offender was led for public gaze through the market-place." It was formerly on market days exhibited in front of the house of the person who had charge of it, as a warning to



BRANK AT STOCKPORT.

scolding or swearing women. Dr. Heginbotham states that: "There is no evidence of its having been actually used for many years, but there is testimony to the fact that within the last forty years the brank was brought to a termagant market woman, who was effectually silenced by its threatened application."

We are indebted to Mr. Alfred Burton for a drawing of the Macclesfield brank. Dr. Brushfield describes this as "a respectable-looking brank." He tells us that "the gag is plain, and the end of it is turned down; there is only one band which passes over the head, and is hinged to the hoops; a temporary joint exists at the upper part, and ample provision is made for readily adjusting it to any description of head. The chain still remains attached to the hoop. About the year 1858, Mr. Swinnerton informed Dr. Brushfield that he had never seen it used, but that at the petty sessions it had often been produced *in terrorem*, to stay the volubility of a woman's tongue; and that a threat by a magistrate to order its appliance had always proved sufficient to abate the garrulity of the most determined scold. Mr. Way, however, says that it had been used within the memory of an aged official of the municipal authorities."

Towards the close of the first quarter of the present century, the brank was last used at Altrincham. A virago, who caused her neighbours great trouble, was frequently cautioned in vain respecting her conduct, and as a last resource

BRANK AT MACCLESFIELD.

she was condemned to walk through the town wearing the brank. She refused to move, and it was finally decided to wheel her in a barrow through the principal streets of the town, round the market-place, and to her own home. The

punishment had the desired effect, and for the remainder of her life she kept a quiet tongue.

In "Some Obsolete Peculiarities of English Law," by Mr. William Beamont, are some interesting particulars respecting the Warrington brank. "Hanging up in our museum," says Mr. Beamont, "may be seen a representation of a withered female face wearing the brank or scold's bridle; one of which instruments, as inflexible as iron and ingenuity can make it, for keeping an unruly tongue quiet by mechanical means, hangs up beside it; and almost within the time of living memory, Cicily Pewsill, an inmate of the workhouse, and a notorious scold, was seen wearing this disagreeable head-gear in the streets of Warrington for half-an-hour or more. . . . . Cicily Pewsill's case still lingers in tradition, as the last occasion of its application in Warrington, and it will soon pass into history." According to Mr. Jewitt, "at Bolton-le-Moors, even within memory, a brank has been used as a punishment for prostitutes. The bridle was fixed in their mouths and tied at the back of their heads with gay ribbons, and thus the frail ones were paraded from the cross to the church steps and back again by the parish beadles.

Index.

Abduction at Chester, 104
Aboriginal inhabitants, 1
Altringham, Mayor of, 193
Ancient Bridges, Fords, and Ferries, 181-188
Ancient Eddisbury, 129-136
Archery, 62
A-Souling Song, 206-207
Axon, W. E. A., The Plague in Cheshire, 123-128; Was Mary Fitton Shakespeare's "Dark Lady?" 144-158

Bancroft, Mrs. Sarah, felt-maker and furrier, 135
Banks, Mrs. G. Linnæus, Chester Fair, 68-77; Ancient Eddisbury, 129-136; Sandbach Over Sixty Years Ago, 159-180
Ball playing in Chester Cathedral, 63
Bath, Roman, 3
Battle of Rowton Moor, 40
Bears, Congleton, 195
Beeston Castle, 12
Birkenhead Priory, 187
Bishop Heber, 231-241
Bishop Lloyd's House, 89
Bowden, Vicar of, 194
Bradshaw, President, 209-230
Brank at Macclesfield, 242-243, 248; Congleton, 244-246; Stockport, 247-248; Warrington, 250
Bred, Cheshire, 191
Bridge at Chester, 182-184; ferry, 188
Bridge, Trafford, 186
Briscoe, J. Potter, F.R.H.S., Cheshire Proverbial Phrases, 189-206
Bunbury School, 210

Cat, Cheshire, 190
Character of the Normans, 105-107
Charles I. supported, 10; Trial of, 209; Execution, 222
Cheese, 31, 202
Chester, Castle and Walls, 12; Siege, 13; Cathedral, 51; Fair, 68; Festival-Time, 60; Rows, 78; Old Houses, 89; Dee Mills, 99; Plague at, 123-125, 127
Cheshire Proverbial Phrases, 189-206
Clapham, J. A., Chester Cathedral, 51-59
Civil War, last engagement, 187
Congleton Bears, 195; Bradshaw articled to a solicitor at, 211; made freeman, 211; Mayor, 211-213; High Steward of Congleton, 214; lives at Greenway Hall, 214-215; Brank, 224; Plague at, 126; St. Peter's Chains, 137
Cooper, Thomas, President Bradshaw, 209-230
Crosford bridge, 185
Crosses at Sandbach, 175
Cross at Chester, destroyed, 73

Davis, Joane, charity, 217-218
Dee Mills and the "Miller of the Dee," 99-104; Proverb, 200
Delamere forest, 133-134, 186
Didsbury, Rhyme on, 195
Done, Sir John, 134-135

Earls of Chester, 6-7, 9, 103-121
Easter Monday sports, 62-63
Eaton ferry, 188
Ecclesiastical history of Congleton, 136
Edgar on the Dee, 20-25
Ethelfleda separates from her husband, 132; a warlike Queen, 132
Ethelred, 131

Families, Proverbs on, 197-198
Farndon bridge, 186
Females, Proverbs on, 198-199
Fenian plot, 15-19
Ferries, 187
Festival-time in Old Chester, 60-67
Fire at Dee Mills, 103
Football playing, 61
Fords, 187
Frodsham bridge, 184,
Frost, Thomas, Historic Cheshire, 1-19

Gates of Chester, East-gate, 37; Water-gate, 38; Bridge-gate, 38; North-gate, 39; South-gate, 48
Glove displayed at Chester Fair, 74-75
God's Providence House, 92-93
Grass growing in the Streets of Chester, 123
Grindon, Leo, quoted, 130
Grosvenor Bridge, 47

Harrison, Thos., architect of New Chester Castle, 33
Harrison, Wm., Old Chester Houses, 89-98; Ancient Bridges, Fords, and Ferries, 181-188
Head, Robert, St. Peter's Chains: An Old Congleton Custom, 137-143
Helsby hill, 204
Hermitage at Stockport, 185
Heresy, 9-10
Historic Cheshire, 1-19
Holidays in the olden time, 60
Holt Castle, 14
Houses built of timber, 131
Hugh Lupus, first Earl of Chester, 103-121
Hughes, T. Cann, M.A., "The Dee Mills and the Miller of the Dee," 99-104
Hymns by Heber, 234-235

Inns at Chester, 96, 97, 98

Julius Cæsar's tower, 34

Kemp's "Nine Daies' Wonder," 150

Lamplough, Edward, King Edgar on the Dee, 20-25
Lawton-gate, 196
Long Parliament dissolved, 215
Lim rhyme, 196
Lindon Common, gravestone on, 127

Macclesfield Brank, 242, 248; School, 210; Rhyme by Bradshaw, 210; Plague, 125, 126, 127; Proverbs, 196
Mace, Congleton, 216-217
Marsh, George, martyrdom, 9-10
Matrimony, Advice on, 200-201
Maples, Plague at, 126
Mercian kings, 131
Merry towns, 196
Miracle Plays, 63-67
Mobberley Church Clock, 203-204

Nantwich bridge, 186; Plague, 125; Besieged, 11
Normans, 5-6
Northwich bridge, 185

Origin of the Rows of Chester, 78-88

Palatine, meaning of, 109
Parliament, Hugh Lupus presiding over, 111
Parnell, C. S., M.P., descended from a Congleton family, 217
Parnell, Thomas, poet, 228-230
Pembroke banished, 146
Personal proverbs, 203
Pie-poudre Court, 71-72
Plague in Cheshire, 123-128
President Bradshaw, 209-230
Proverb defined, 189
Punishing Scolding Women, 242-250
Puritans, 32

Race-course, Chester, 47
Roman occupation, 2-4; origin of the Castle, 26; wall, 35, 42
Roodee, 47
Runcorn ferry, 187

Sandbach over sixty years ago, 159-180
Saxons, 4-5
Scott, Sir Walter, 193
Sonnets by Shakespeare, 148-149
Shrine of St. Werburgh, 55
Stockport brank, 247-248; Plague, 126
Stealing a daughter, 50
Stevenson, William, The Origin of the Rows of Chester, 78-88
Stanley Palace, 93, 95
Stockford ford, 185; rhyme, 195, 197
Stocks, 140
Stopford law, 197
Stuart, Charles Edward, 15
St. Peter's Chains: an old Congleton custom, 137-143
Swift, Dean, rhyme by, 96-8
Summoning men to repair bridge at Chester, 182

Thatcher, story of, 205
Thornely, James L., Hugh Lupus, 103-121
Towers at Chester, 40; Charles' Tower, 40; Phœnix Tower, 40; Goblin's Tower, or Pemberton's Parlour, 44; Water Tower, 45
Travelling, 160-161
Tyack, Rev. Geo. B., Festival-Time in Old Chester, 60-67
Tyburn, Republican bodies on gallows at, 219

Wales, invasion of, 7
Walls of Chester, 26-50
Warrington bridge, 184; ferry, 187; brank, 250
Was Mary Fitton Shakespeare's "Dark Lady?" 144-158
Watling Street, 3
Welsh defeated, 70-71
Whitsuntide Plays, 63-67
Wibbersley Hall, 209
William the Conqueror, Earldom of Chester, 5; Castle, 26
Winnington Bridge, 187
Woods in Cheshire, 194
Wordsworth on Shakespeare, 144

Yacht Inn, Chester, 96-97
Yates, Geo. C., F.S.A., Chester Castle and Walls, 26-50
Yew bow saying, 199

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

OF

WILLIAM ANDREWS & CO.,

THE HULL PRESS.

"Valuable and interesting."—*The Times.*

"Readable as well as instructive."—*The Globe.*

"A valuable addition to any library."—*Derbyshire Times.*

The Bygone Series.

In this series the following volumes are included, and issued at 7s. 6d. each. Demy 8vo., cloth gilt.

These books have been favourably reviewed in the leading critical journals of England and America.

Carefully written articles by recognised authorities are included on history, castles, abbeys, biography, romantic episodes, legendary lore, traditional stories, curious customs, folk-lore, etc., etc.

The works are illustrated by eminent artists, and by the reproduction of quaint pictures of the olden time.

BYGONE CHESHIRE, edited by William Andrews, F.R.H.S.

BYGONE DERBYSHIRE, edited by William Andrews, F.R.H.S.

BYGONE ESSEX, edited by William Andrews, F.R.H.S.

BYGONE ENGLAND, by William Andrews, F.R.H.S.

BYGONE KENT, edited by Richard Stead, B.A.

BYGONE LANCASHIRE, edited by Ernest Axon.

BYGONE LEICESTERSHIRE, edited by William Andrews, F.R.H.S.

BYGONE LINCOLNSHIRE (2 vols.), edited by William Andrews, F.R.H.S.

BYGONE LONDON, by Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S.

BYGONE NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, by William Stevenson.

BYGONE SCOTLAND, by David Maxwell, C.E.

BYGONE SOUTHWARK, by Mrs. E. Boger.

BYGONE SURREY, edited by George Clinch and S. W. Kershaw, F.S.A.

BYGONE WARWICKSHIRE, edited by William Andrews, F.R.H.S.

BYGONE YORKSHIRE, edited by William Andrews, F.R.H.S.

Price 4s. 6d. Demy 8vo.

"A handsome gift book."—*Barnsley Independent.*

"A welcome addition to fairy books."—*The Scotsman.*

"A very delightful volume, and eminently qualified for a gift book. . . . The stories are bright and interesting."—*Glasgow Herald.*

+++++

The New Fairy Book,

Edited by WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.,

Author of "Bygone England," etc.

This Volume contains Fifteen New Fairy Stories by Popular Authors.

Many charming original illustrations are included.

It is beautifully printed in bold clear type, and bound in a most attractive style.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"We hope the book will get into many children's hands."—*Review of Reviews.*

"We can recommend the stories for their originality, and the volume for its elegant and tasteful appearance."—*Westminster Gazette.*

"The stories are good."—*The World.*

"All the stories in the collection are well written. The illustrations are excellent."—*The Spectator.*

"A tasteful volume, and illustrated profusely."—*The Literary World.*

"In this volume it has been the editor's desire to furnish a fresh collection of fairy stories, written by authors who love children, and know exactly the kind of tales that give them pleasure. Something more than providing enjoyment is attempted. Useful life lessons may be learnt from the book, which contains a most interesting collection of fairy stories, each telling its tale and pointing its moral in the happiest manner."—*The Gentlewoman.*

"It is certain to become popular."—*Yorkshire Post.*

"Type and illustrations are worthy of the Hull Press, which is saying a great deal."—*The News.*

"The stories comprised in this volume deserve to be widely known and appreciated. There are some excellent illustrations, and the whole 'get up' reflects the highest credit alike on editor and publishers. It promises to be one of the books of the season."—*Stamford Mercury.*

"'The New Fairy Book' is sure to win its way to the possession and favour of quite a host of young people. The stories are evidently, as the editor gives assurance, written by authors who love children and know the kind of tales that give them pleasure. The book is well printed, attractively bound, and freely illustrated."—*Liverpool Post.*

"'The New Fairy Book' is the title of a richly bound volume containing fifteen fairy tales, edited by William Andrews. The tales are brimful of such fairy romance as youthful readers delight in. Fairy kings, queens, princes, and princesses, pass in bright procession through the pages, everyone of which presents some delightful picture from the imaginative pen. The scenes amid which these fairy personages move are not the less beautiful, and from first page to last there is not to be found a single dull or uninteresting page. The tales have been judiciously edited, and worthily fulfil the editor's aim to 'furnish a fresh collection of fairy stories written by authors who love children.' Very many young readers will warmly thank him for so faithfully performing his loving task."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

"Mr. Andrews' 'New Fairy Book' is a delightful production. So far as binding, illustrations, and printing go, it leaves nothing to be desired, and from this standpoint alone must be pronounced a goodly book. But the contents are equally choice. Mr. Andrews has drawn around him a number of skilled story-tellers, who have one and all written with charm and originality. This Fairy Book differs from most of the others we have seen, inasmuch as the tales are—as the title of the volume indicates—absolutely new. It is true that they contain a number of the old ingredients, but then the makers of fairy tales must always work more or less from the time-honoured recipe. This the contributors to the 'New Fairy Book' have done, but their effects are novel and surprising, for they serve up the dishes in varied ways of their own devising. The result is much to our taste. There are fifteen stories in all, simple in style, engaging and fresh in manner, with here and there a weird episode, here and there something amusing. Ghosts, elves, ogres, giants, princes, and, of course, fairy queens flit in and out of the scenes; castles of enchantment, and all the favourite features of fairyland are present; and so we are transported to the real kingdom of the fairies, and soon find ourselves absorbed in the adventures of wondrous heroes and the antics of imps. All this is as it should be, and the volume will afford genuine entertainment to all who read it—and there should be many —these long winter nights."—*Birmingham Gazette.*

"'The New Fairy Book,' edited by William Andrews, is a somewhat ambitious attempt to add to the delightful repertoire of nursery stories with which the literature of all civilised countries abounds. The writers include several well-known names, and though the titles chosen suggest in some cases old and familiar stories, it is due to the editor and the authors to say that they have discharged their really very onerous functions with great skill and excellent judgment. The volume is published as a collection of new stories, and if it should meet with the success it truly deserves, editor and writers will have every reason to be thankful."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Just published. Crown 8vo., 330 pp. A Portrait of the Author, and other Illustrations. Price 3/6.

The Red, Red Wine,

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

"This, as its name implies, is a temperance story, and is told in the lamented author's most graphic style. We have never read anything so powerful since 'Danesbury House,' and this book in stern and pathetic earnestness even excels that widely-known book. It is worthy a place in every Sunday School and village library; and, as the latest utterance of one whose writings are so deservedly popular, it is sure of a welcome. It should give decision to some whose views about Local Option are hazy."—*Joyful News.*

"The story is one of remarkable power."—*The Temperance Record.*

"An excellent and interesting story."—*The Temperance Chronicle.*

"It is written in a graphic and conversational style, abounding with rapidly-succeeding incidents, which arrest and sustain the interest of the reader."—*The League Journal.*

"It is just the right sort of book for a prize or present, and should find a place in every Band of Hope and Sunday School library."—*The Abstainer's Advocate.*

"A pathetic interest attaches to this volume, it being the last legacy of Mr. Jackson Wray. It is a story with a purpose—to advocate the claims of total abstinence. The plot is laid in a small village of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and the author sketches the awful ravages of intemperance in that small community. The victims include a minister, doctor, and many others who found, when too late, that the red, red wine biteth like a serpent. Though terribly realistic, the picture is drawn from life, and every tragical incident had its counterpart among the dwellers in that village. It is a healthy and powerful temperance tale, and a fearless exposure of the quiet drinking that was so common in respectable circles thirty years ago. It should find a place in our school libraries, to be read by elder scholars."—*Methodist Times.*

"This is a powerful story, the last from the pen of an indefatigable worker and true friend of the total abstinence cause. The scene of the o'er true tale is laid in East Yorkshire, the author's native district, which he knew and loved so well. The characters appear to be drawn from life, and every chapter has a vivid and terrible interest. The friendship between old Aaron Brigham and Little Kitty is touching. The tale of trouble, sorrow, and utter ruin wrought by the demon of strong drink might well rouse every man, woman, and child to fight the destroyer, which, in the unfolding of the story, we see enslaving minister and people, shaming the Christian Church, breaking hearts all round, and wrecking the dearest hopes of individuals and families. A striking and pitiful tale, not overdrawn.—*Alliance News.*

Hull: William Andrews & Co., The Hull Press.
London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd.
And all Booksellers.

SECOND EDITION. *Bound in cloth gilt, demy 8vo., 6s.*

Curiosities of the Church:

Studies of Curious Customs, Services, and Records,

By WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORIC ROMANCE," "FAMOUS FROSTS AND FROST FAIRS," "HISTORIC YORKSHIRE," ETC.

CONTENTS:

Early Religious Plays: being the Story of the English Stage in its Church Cradle Days—The Caistor Gad-Whip Manorial Service—Strange Serpent Stories—Church Ales—Rush-Bearing—Fish in Lent—Concerning Doles—Church Scrambling Charities—Briefs—Bells and Beacons for Travellers by Night—Hour Glasses in Churches—Chained Books in Churches—Funeral Effigies—Torchlight Burials—Simple Memorials of the Early Dead—The Romance of Parish Registers—Dog Whippers and Sluggard Wakers—Odd Items from Old Accounts—A carefully compiled Index.

ILLUSTRATED.

Press Opinions.

"A volume both entertaining and instructive, throwing much light on the manners and customs of bygone generations of Churchmen, and will be read to-day with much interest. —*Newbery House Magazine.*

"An extremely interesting volume."—*North British Daily Mail.*

"A work of lasting interest."—*Hull Examiner.*

"The reader will find much in this book to interest, instruct, and amuse."—*Home Chimes.*

"We feel sure that many will feel grateful to Mr. Andrews for having produced such an interesting book."—*The Antiquary.*

"A volume of great research and striking interest."—*The Bookbuyer (New York.)*

"A valuable book."—*Literary World (Boston, U.S.A.).*

"An admirable book."—*Sheffield Independent.*

"An interesting, handsomely got up volume. . . . Mr. Andrews is always chatty and expert in making a paper on a dry subject exceedingly readable."—*Newcastle Courant.*

"Mr. William Andrews' new book, 'Curiosities of the Church,' adds another to the series by which he has done so much to popularise antiquarian studies. . . The book, it should be added, has some quaint illustrations, and its rich matter is made available for reference by a full and carefully compiled index."—*Scotsman.*

Elegantly bound in cloth gilt, demy 8vo., 6s.

Old Church Lore,

By WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.,

Author of "Curiosities of the Church," "Old-Time Punishments," "Historic Romance," etc.

CONTENTS.

The Right of Sanctuary—The Romance of Trial—A Fight between the Mayor of Hull and the Archbishop of York—Chapels on Bridges—Charter Horns—The old English Sunday—The Easter Sepulchre—St. Paul's Cross—Cheapside Cross—The Biddenden Maids Charity—Plagues and Pestilences—A King Curing an Abbot of Indigestion—The Services and Customs of Royal Oak Day—Marrying in a White Sheet—Marrying under the Gallows—Kissing the Bride—Hot Ale at Weddings—Marrying Children—The Passing Bell—Concerning Coffins—The Curfew Bell—Curious Symbols of the Saints—Acrobats on Steeples—A carefully-prepared Index.

ILLUSTRATED.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"A worthy work on a deeply interesting subject. . . . We commend this book strongly."—*European Mail.*

"An interesting volume."—*The Scotsman.*

"Contains much that will interest and instruct."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"The author has produced a book which is at once entertaining and valuable, and which is also entitled to unstinted praise on the ground of its admirable printing and binding."—*Shields Daily Gazette.*

"Mr. Andrews' book does not contain a dull page. . . . Deserves to meet with a very warm welcome."—*Yorkshire Post.*

"Mr. Andrews, in 'Old Church Lore,' makes the musty parchments and records he has consulted redolent with life and actuality, and has added to his works a most interesting volume, which, written in a light and easy narrative style, is anything but of the 'dry-as-dust' order. The book is handsomely got up, being both bound and printed in an artistic fashion."—*Northern Daily News.*

Elegantly bound in cloth gilt, Demy 8vo., Price 6s.

Bygone England:

Social Studies in its Historic Byways and Highways.

By WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.

CONTENTS :—Under Watch and Ward—Under Lock and Key—The Practice of Pledging—The Minstrel in the Olden Time—Curious Landholding Customs—Curiosities of Slavery in England—Buying and Selling in the Olden Time—Curious Fair Customs—Old Prejudices against Coal—The Sedan Chair—Running Footmen—The Early Days of the Umbrella—A Talk about Tea—Concerning Coffee—The Horn Book—Fighting Cocks in Schools—Bull Baiting—The Badge of Poverty—Patents to wear Nightcaps—A Foolish Fashion—Wedding Notices in the Last Century—Selling Wives—The Story of the Tinder Box—The Invention of Friction Matches—Body Snatching—Christmas under the Commonwealth—Under the Mistletoe Bough—A carefully prepared Index.

"We welcome 'Bygone England.' It is another of Mr. Andrews' meritorious achievements in the path of popularising archæological and old time information without in any way writing down to an ignoble level."—*The Antiquary.*

"A delightful volume for all who love to dive into the origin of social habits and customs, and to penetrate into the byways of history."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

"There is a large mass of information in this capital volume, and it is so pleasantly put that many will be tempted to study it. Mr. Andrews has done his work with great skill."—*London Quarterly Review.*

Bound in cloth gilt, demy 8vo., price 7s. 6d. Only 500 copies printed, and each copy numbered.

The Monumental Brasses of Lancashire and Cheshire.

With some Account of the Persons Represented.

Illustrated with Engravings from Drawings by the Author.

By JAMES L. THORNELY.

"Mr. Thornely's book will be eagerly sought by all lovers of monumental brasses."—*London Quarterly Review.*

"Local archæologists will give a hearty welcome to this book."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"Mr. Thornely has produced a very interesting volume, as he has not only figured every monumental brass within the two counties to which he has confined his researches, but in every case he has given a description also, and in some instances the genealogical information is of a high order of value."—*The Tablet.*

"The book is wonderfully readable for its kind, and is evidently the result of careful and painstaking labour. The chapters are well condensed, nowhere burdened with verbiage, yet sufficiently full to serve the purpose in view. The illustrations of the various brasses are exceedingly well done, and add much value and interest to the work, which should become popular in Lancashire and Cheshire."—*Warrington Guardian.*

The Press on

Messrs.

William Andrews & Co.'s

Printing and Binding.

"The book is very handsomely got up."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

"A remarkably handsome volume, typographically equal to the best production of any European capital."—*North British Daily Mail.*

"The book is entitled to unstinted praise on the ground of its admirable printing and binding."—*Shields Daily Gazette.*

"Will bear comparison with the best work of the first publishing firms in London or Edinburgh, the printing and paper being everything the most fastidious could desire."—*Boston Independent.*

"The book is handsomely brought out."—*Scotsman.*

"Beautiful work in typography and binding."—*Yorkshire Post.*

"Very pretty binding."—*Publishers' Circular.*

"Most elegantly bound and tastefully printed."—*Hull Daily Mail.*

"Beautifully bound and printed."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"The letterpress is beautifully clear."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

"The printers' part is perfectly done."—*India.*

"The book is handsomely got up."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"The book is excellently printed and bound."—*Library Review.*

"Handsomely printed."—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

A notice of "Bygone Scotland" concludes as follows:—"The book forms a splendid addition to the works of the same series all printed at the 'Hull Press,' and, like all its predecessors, is printed in the exceptionally beautiful style which marks the productions of Mr. Andrews' establishment. The volume is handsomely bound, and well illustrated. Mr. Andrews is a bookmaker *par excellence*."—*Printing World.*

The Hull Press,

1, Dock Street, Hull.